Week ending September 21 1946

Every Thursday Threepence

JOHN BULL

EVENINGS WITH FAVOURITE AUTHORS

Very soon the chill, dull evenings of Autumn will suggest drawn curtains, a fire, a comfortable chair and a book. Membership of W. H. Smith & Son's Lending Library will ensure that you have always a book of your choice to hand. A class "A" subscription costs £1 a year and gives you the right to borrow any book in the library, including the latest additions. A class "B" subscription for the same period costs 10/- and gives you a wide choice of good reading matter. If it is inconvenient to visit one of our branches, we would recommend our Direct Service. Terms of subscriptions are as above plus postage or carriage.

W. H. SMITH & SON'S LIBRARY

500 Exchange Depots in England and Wales

HEAD OFFICE: W. H. SMITH & SON, LTD., STRAND HOUSE, LONDON, W.C.2

"LET ME BE YOUR FATHER"

Thus is expressed the friendly, *personal* bond existing between Bennett College and each student. It is this close individual tuition which leads to quick success.

We teach nearly all the Trades and Professions by Post, in all parts of the World. Distance makes no difference. The most progressive and most successful Correspondence College in the World.

If you know what you want to study, write for prospectus. If you are undecided, write for our fatherly advice. It is free.

Direct mail to:

DEPT. 31,
THE BENNETT COLLEGE,
SHEFFIELD

Forethought

For the benefit of family and friends none would grudge time and effort, and a little forethought can do much to help them. Consider, then, the advisability of appointing the executor of your will. Upon your present forethought depends the future protection and comfort of those whose welfare you have at heart.

In this and similar matters the Midland Bank Executor and Trustee Company are ready to help, bringing the long experience and sympathetic understanding of those who have devoted their life's work to this service. The Manager at any branch of the Bank will welcome inquiries concerning this undertaking.

MIDLAND BANK
EXECUTOR AND TRUSTEE COMPANY LIMITED

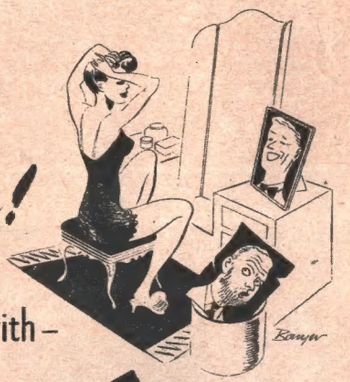
'Why look for the green cross, Mummy?'

A mother guards her family from hidden dangers when she insists on the Izal Toilet Roll that bears the Green Cross. For wherever disease is fought in hospital and laboratory the Green Cross is honoured. It is the sign of Izal Germicide, proved destroyer of germs.

IZAL
TOILET ROLL
Made SAFE with IZAL Germicide

NEWTON, CHAMBERS & CO. LTD., Thorncliffe, Sheffield

It's that beard again!



Smart men shave with—

Ever-Ready CORRUX **Blades**

BAND-AID

is the neat wound dressing that is **surgically safe**

People choose Band-Aid because it is made by Johnson & Johnson—famous in the hospital world for the hygienic safety of their bandages and dressings. This handy bandage *stretches*—so it stays in position even on a knuckle joint.

MADE BY Johnson & Johnson *Famous for Johnson's Baby Powder, Surgical Dressings, Bandages, etc.*

Victory V GUMS & LOZENGES

Will keep you warm!

2 ozs. 6d. (*Including tax*) **NO POINTS**

N10c

THERE'S NOTHING LIKE IT!

CHERRY BLOSSOM BOOT POLISH

FOR A BRILLIANT SHOE SHINE

Black, Brown, Tonette
Tins 3d *and* 6d

CB 20 CHISWICK PRODUCTS LTD. LONDON. W.4.

Tintex

Gives new life to Faded Fabrics

THE WORLD'S LARGEST SELLING HOME DYE

for safety's sake apply it promptly on everyday hurts!

EVERSHARP IS BACK!

Small supplies are reaching the shops of Eversharp silver-plated pencils at 7/11d. and 10/5d., and of the "Kingswood" pen by Eversharp at 12/10d. These prices include purchase tax. If you want an Eversharp for Christmas you should see your stationer or jeweller at once as supplies are very limited.

EVERSHARP LTD., 195-199 GREAT PORTLAND STREET, LONDON, W.1

Eversharp Products are made in England, Canada and U.S.A.

The Quick Way TO A NEW SENSE OF ASSURANCE

Try this O-syl Hygienic Treatment and see how *fresh*, how assured you'll feel . . . how much lovelier your skin will look.

1. Use an O-syl mouthwash every morning—and start the day *fresh*.
2. Add a little O-syl to your washing water—and feel *fresh* till night.
3. At night wash your face in hot water to open the pores, follow with a cold dilution of O-syl and water, dabbed on with cotton wool—then you'll be free of spots and blemishes and your skin will look *fresh* always.

Remember O-syl is a medical product.

O-syl *the drop-by-drop* **ANTISEPTIC**

TWO DROPS OF O-SYL ARE OFTEN ENOUGH

What Mrs. Sposs likes most of all about SPOSS WINDOW SHEEN is that it leaves no smears in awkward corners. The lovely clear blue liquid quickly removes all dirt, rainmarks or stains and makes glass sparkle once again. No wonder Betty helps with the housework; Mummy uses all SPOSS products to keep her home lovely in the quickest and easiest possible way.

Supplies are no longer limited, so start saving time, trouble and hard work by getting SPOSS to-day.

SPOSS WINDOW SHEEN · FLOOR SEAL FURNITURE DRESSING FLOOR DRESSING

Obtainable from high-class grocery and hardware stores. If you have any difficulty please send us your retailer's name and address.

Simmonds Products Ltd., Dept. 702/19, Great West Road, Brentford, London (202) *makers of OCTIM, the famous all-purpose Cleaner*

YOU REALLY MUST SEE THE VACTRIC BEFORE YOU DECIDE!

For here is the very latest thing in vacuum cleaners! The pile of your carpet is protected by a simple brush height-adjustment for varying thicknesses; there is a patented device which lowers the handle for cleaning under low furniture and a powerful, double-suction motor—yet the VACTRIC costs only £12.12.0 (plus P.T.). Dusting tools £3.3.0 (plus P.T.). Ask your electrical dealer, electricity supply company or store for a demonstration today!

Vactric

COMPARE THE PERFORMANCE! COMPARE THE FINISH!

VACTRIC LTD., CHAPELHALL, LANARKSHIRE, SCOTLAND

Take it from me

WOOL *is healthiest for children's play...*

LAMBS SKIP IN IT.!

You can't tell children not to get hot. They do! Let lightweight wool protect them, naturally, from damp and summer chills. Grown for the purpose . . . woven for the weather.

Issued by the International Wool Secretariat.

G. 107

I want Hot Water upstairs and down

Plenty of hot water instantly, for several hot baths *one after the other*, for the bathroom basin, for washing up?

A gas multi-point water heater is the answer in this case. Fixed in the kitchen, it supplies hot water immediately at all hot taps. The water heater you have been patiently waiting for should shortly be available. Your local Gas Showrooms will advise you.

constant HOT water? *certainly* — BY GAS

BRITISH GAS COUNCIL, LONDON, S.W.1 (49)

Wonderful ink makes all pens write better

Next time you buy ink, remember this—Parker Quink is the only ink in the world with a special ingredient that actually makes all pens write better.

Brilliant, fast-drying Quink does these 4 important things for all makes of pens:

1. **Ends all clogging. Gives quick starting, even flow.**
2. **Dissolves the sludgy deposits left by inferior inks.**
3. **Prevents metal corrosion and rubber-rot caused by inferior inks.**
4. **Actually cleans the pen as it writes—keeps it out of the repair shop.**

PARKER *Quink* IN 7 COLOURS

Choke-shrink . . . Ben buys pyjamas that fit perfectly, but they soon shrink into strait jackets.

Hope-shrink . . . William gets pyjamas too big—stands under the shower hoping they'll shrink to fit.

Won't-shrink . . . You can be sure YOUR pyjamas will never shrink out of fit, if they're labelled "Sanforized"-Shrunk. Look for "Sanforized" on pyjamas, shirts, overalls and all washable cottons.

SANFORIZED REG. Will not shrink out of fit

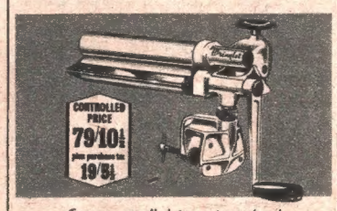
CHRISTOPHER STONE SAYS

"How right you'll be to choose

BUSH RADIO'

Supplies are limited but ASK YOUR BUSH DEALER

BUSH RADIO LTD., POWER RD., CHISWICK, W.4. *royds* 454



Cream enamelled Chromium plated Open ended rubber rollers • Ball bearings provide effortless operation No maintenance required • Single point attachment

PARNALL

WRINGLET

WRINGING MACHINE

PARNALL (YATE) LIMITED · BRISTOL

"You need so little

PURITAN SOAP to get a lot of lather"

PU 66-943 CROSFIELD, WATSON & GOSSAGE LTD., WARRINGTON

Of course he loves it. It's delicious 'Dairy' Brand fruit-flavoured junket – made in a jiffy with milk and served plain or with any fruit available. It's good for him – good for all. Appetising – cool – delicately coloured. Powder for 6 pint Junkets in 9d. tube – points free – choice of six fruit flavours. Product of R. J. Fullwood & Bland Ltd. (Est. 1785)

'DAIRY' BRAND JUNKET POWDER

Recipe leaflets from G. HAVINDEN, LTD., 71 BAKER STREET, W.1

because of IRIUM*

The Irium in Pepsodent dissolves film, clears away stains, reveals the sparkling natural whiteness of your teeth. Safe, non-acid, non-alkaline, Irium's gentle action makes teeth *really* white! Just try for yourself its astonishing cleansing-power.

Pepsodent
(containing IRIUM)
TOOTHPASTE

★ *Irium is the most effective tooth-cleaning substance known to dental science. Soft and gentle, it emulsifies and washes away dulling stains and harmful film.*

PD 117-1005-55

A TASTE OF SUMMER FRESHNESS

Maconochie's Vegetable Soup

Delicious at any time, but especially when vegetables are scarce. Made with tomatoes, peas, onions, carrots, potatoes and crisp cabbage slowly simmered and cleverly seasoned. Try all Maconochie's superb varieties. They're all grand food — and need no points.

MACONOCHIE BROS. LTD. LONDON

But surely Mother told you?

If cooking isn't quite so simple as Mother made it appear, send for the cookery secrets revealed by Mrs. Jean Scott of the Brown & Polson Cookery Service — in five lessons specially written for beginners. 1. Homely Weights and Measures. 2. General Cookery Processes. 3. Vegetable Cookery. 4. Milk Puddings. 5. Fish Cookery. Write now — Mrs. Jean Scott, Brown & Polson Cookery Service, Dept. 20A., 20, Stratford Place, London, W.1, enclosing 2½d. stamp.

BROWN & POLSON CORNFLOUR

makes good cooking even better

The demand for Cornflour—plain and flavoured—still exceeds supply, so don't blame your grocer if he is out of stock.

To quicken recovery after illness

the patient's metabolism must be speeded up

"Metabolism" is the scientific name for processes constantly going on in our bodies — the breakdown of food by digestion and the absorption of the nutrients to replace energy.

During illness the metabolic rate is lowered, and it must be speeded up before the patient can get back strength. The trouble in most cases is that the patient doesn't feel like eating, yet food is what is needed to raise the metabolism. Doctors advise easily digested soups and meat extracts and, of these, Brand's Essence has been found, as a result of clinical tests, to be outstandingly successful in raising metabolism.

Brand's Essence has an immediate stimulating effect. Once the "turn" is reached and appetite returns, complete recovery is not far off. Brand's Essence costs 3/- a bottle.

BRAND'S ESSENCE

Still hard to find, but the time is coming when your grocer will have on hand more ample supplies of rich, creamy Carnation Milk.

18 COUPONS will buy a new suit

but

Beaucaire

THE SUPERB DRY CLEANING FLUID

will renovate your whole wardrobe

From stores, drapers, ironmongers and chemists

Price 1/-, 2/- and 5/- per bottle

BEAUCAIRE LABORATORIES, VAUXHALL, LONDON, S.W.8

Preparing to be a Beautiful Lady

PEARS SOAP

We regret that Pears Transparent Soap is in short supply just now.

A. & F. Pears Ltd. GG 387/621

'THREE COOKS' SOUPS

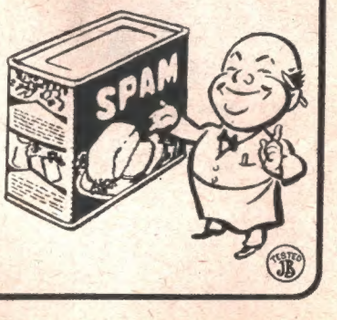
Regd. Trade Mark

EIGHT DELICIOUS VARIETIES

Trade Enquiries: 26 Kings Road, Reading (Reading 3245)

- "SPAM" distinguishes a special product made from pure pork shoulder-meat, with ham meat added.
- "SPAM" is sold only in 12-oz. tins.
- "SPAM" is a registered Trade Mark, and can be used only in respect of the product of Geo. A. Hormel & Co., Austin, Minnesota, U.S.A.
- "SPAM" will be for sale as soon as we can manage it.

"SPAM"



NUREMBERG—THE REAL ISSUE

by THE EDITOR

IT IS A PITY that the final act of the Nuremberg drama, which is now about to begin, has been preceded by an unseemly Press controversy on the theme: "Should the Nazis hang?"

This has rather falsified the issue.

The truth is that it hardly matters what the court now decides to do with Hermann Goering and his fellow thugs. The real question is whether Nuremberg has been a success or a failure as a demonstration of world justice in action.

A Nuremberg summing-up might run like this:

Against the trial. It has taken far too long. It has cost a lot of money and occupied the time of a great many useful judges, lawyers and officials. It has apparently failed to impress the German people, many of whom seem to regard it with complete indifference.

For the trial. It has supplied the best example yet of real co-operation between the Great Powers. It has brought to light, for the whole world to see, and history to record, a vast quantity of information about the Nazi regime and the war which will strengthen the determination to make the words "Never Again" mean something this time. It has established a new world law which brands war-making, or conspiracy to wage war, as the supreme crime against humanity, deserving the supreme penalty for those convicted of it.

It is cynical to say, as some do, that the only crime established by Nuremberg is that of losing a war, not of waging one. The fact is that for the first time in the history of mankind, warmongering and war-making have been branded as criminal. And who will say that this was not worth doing?

FOOTBALL MONEY

BIG FOOTBALL has come back with a flourish. The first full-dress post-war season has already broken all records with over a million spectators every Saturday.

The football played is good; it is also unrationed. For a large part of our population an afternoon on the ground of the local League club is the brightest spot in an otherwise bleak and worrying life.

All this will mean prosperity for the football industry.

But here a disquieting note creeps in. Will the money be shared out fairly? Many professional footballers fear that it will not be. There is unrest in the dressing-rooms—and talk of strikes.

One thing is clear to outsiders—that footballers, like everybody else, need a good deal more money to live on than before the war. One thing is clear to footballers—that they are not getting it.

And, after all, it is the players who draw and entertain the crowds.

The arguments against paying footballers "big money," or paying individuals strictly according to their merits, are well known and obvious. Financial chaos would result and poor clubs would be ruined. Moreover, our national sport would rapidly become a business ramp.

But the rather autocratic rulers of the football world will nevertheless have to consider reasonable concessions to the players' needs; and especially how to improve the men's chances of passing successfully into other employment at the end of their all-too-short football careers.

AIR TRAVEL NEEDS A SAFETY CODE

THE RECENT SERIES of accidents to passenger aircraft, involving many deaths, has produced the usual reactions of horror and alarm, and raised the expected arguments about the safety of air travel.

Actually, of course, there is absolutely no evidence that flying is any less safe, or more dangerous, than it was before these accidents happened.

A series of spectacular disasters, whether on the railways, at sea, or in the air, always has the same effect, even though it may be due to mere coincidence.

However, it is a fact that passenger travel by air, which is still in a comparatively early stage of development, is not at the moment subject to the same recognized safeguards as travel by sea or by rail. Each air line, almost, and certainly each country, has its own ideas and regulations.

This is just one other matter to which international co-operation should surely be applied.

If air travel is to become general, instead of exceptional—as it certainly will in the years ahead—it would be as well to start creating the kind of confidence which passengers are entitled to feel. Up-to-date safety regulations for air lines should be agreed upon and published as soon as possible by all countries operating passenger aircraft.

BREAD AND POINTS

IN SPITE OF VAGUE and conflicting pronouncements and a disastrous British harvest, it now seems fairly certain that bread rationing will end this year, and perhaps next month.

But a remarkable possibility has arisen—that the freeing of bread will prove to be more unpopular even than the introduction of rationing!

For the system of exchanging bread units for points has had an unexpected and amazing success, enabling people to get more of the foods they really want than for many years past.

During the first six weeks of rationing more than ten times as many BUs were exchanged for points as points for BUs. Housewives who grumbled at the annoyance of yet another set of coupons will now be reluctant to give up those extra points.

So that, if and when bread rationing stops, the Food Minister should be ready to give satisfactory answers to these questions:

1. "Can we have more points or better points values to make up for the loss of converted BUs?"

2. "If not, why not—because you somehow found the extra points goods for us during the period of bread rationing?"

Contrasts of India's

HE LEADS THE NEW INDIA

Background story of Pandit Nehru, who spent sixteen years in prison, and now finds himself the first leader of 400,000,000 free Indians

by HANNEN SWAFFER

CAN JAWAHARLAL NEHRU save India? Suddenly—after terms of imprisonment which total sixteen years, more than a quarter of his life—he finds himself her first Prime Minister.

The end of British rule has been accompanied, and followed, by bitter strife between joyous Hindus and angry Moslems. So, amid hopes and fears, a country of 400,000,000 people of many creeds and innumerable races embarks on an adventure that may lead to freedom or calamity.

Meanwhile, except in occupied Japan, all Asia stirs with revolt.

Will Nehru, if he succeeds, carry out his long-dreamed-of plan to lead a vast movement to free Asia from European dominance? Or, realizing that it needs European capital, European technicians, European brains and guidance, will he seek a middle course?

The next few months will show.

Nehru is not, by nature, an extremist. A high-caste Brahmin and the son of a wealthy lawyer, he became, at Harrow and Oxford, "English of the English." It was the Amritsar savagery that inflamed his moderate Socialism, which expressed itself in a desire to relieve the plight of India's millions.

Now, by sheer force of inevitable circumstance, he finds himself as the nominee of a National Congress with a membership that is middle-class and funds from wealthy Hindus.

Can He Ride the Storms?

Calm though is his mien, he burns with patriotism. He is an intellectual giant. He deplores religious systems that divide a people whom he yearns to lead to prosperity. He can have nothing in common with the princely class, with its fabulous wealth in treasure and jewels, and its rule over serfdom.

He has thrown off a British yoke that was repugnant to him. But—can he master the resultant storms?

Had wisdom governed Whitehall in past years, India would now be content with Dominion status as a free partner in the Commonwealth. But, when the war started, Nehru was thrown back into jail for four years because of a foolish speech. Bitterness and antagonism spread. It was not only freedom but separation that became his policy.

"Nehru is pro-Fascist," said Delhi. That was not true.

He was in Czechoslovakia in the days of appeasement, which he attacked vehemently; for he understood its consequences for all the democracies.

Mussolini, knowing that Nehru was in Rome on his way home from Switzerland, where his wife had died, sent a special Foreign Office envoy with a car to take him for an interview at which he hoped to persuade him that Fascist Italy would help to obtain India's independence.

The Duce even went so far as to postpone a Cabinet meeting. But Nehru declined.

"Being a democrat," he said, "it would be a crime for me to meet a Fascist dictator."

This was at a time when our self-styled "anti-Fascists" were regarding a chat with the Duce as a great honour.

"The war on Nazidom is a just one," was Nehru's view later on. "It must be waged to victory. But it has not been made India's war. She would fight it as a comrade if she believed that the freedom she fought to save for other lands would be hers also."

So, as Churchill did not satisfy him about that, he opposed us to the end.

I first met Nehru at a tea-party in the House of Commons in 1936. It was a gathering composed of men and women who had taken India's side in her campaign for freedom.

"The Pandit," as he is called, inspired us all with his broad humanitarianism, his insistence that freedom for everyone in all lands was the only hope of the future, his friendliness and his desire for brotherhood.

Later that afternoon I was present when he addressed, in a room at Westminster Hall, a gathering of M.P.s of all parties.

"We Must be Friends"

"The British and the Indians must be friends in the interest of all the world," was the burden of Nehru's speech.

Yet all the M.P.s who cross-questioned him were clearly thinking in terms of conquest, "white superiority," and dominance.

Even Eleanor Rathbone, the broadminded Independent Member for London University, asked: "What would you do if you were in the position of British authority? Could there be safety to British interests if the Army were withdrawn?"

"When British interests conflict with Indian interests," replied Nehru frankly, "they cannot be considered. If British interests exploit India, how can we support them?"

A vast crowd cheered Nehru, during that visit, when he spoke at an anti-Franco demonstration in Trafalgar Square.

We accorded him, too, a great reception at Caxton Hall. It was impossible to find much fault with a man who, taking no praise for himself, spoke of the hundreds and thousands of unknown Indians who had been imprisoned.

"The India Act means no peace in India," I reported him as saying that night. "It may cause bitterness and irritation. Yet there is a background of goodwill. The time will come when we can make friends.

"Whether one goes to a little prison or not does not matter. One is always in a vast prison. That is India.

"When I go back, I shall see many faces I love, but I shall miss many faces. They will be those of comrades newly detained.

"Soon I shall be entangled again, in spite of myself, in Indian politics. Politics, there, is not a profession, but an urge. You get in the coils.

"What will happen to me I do not know."

Little did he then guess that, in less than ten years—after another long term in jail—he would become the first Prime Minister of his enfranchised country! We had failed. We had been forced to surrender our suzerainty.

Now it is not British diehardism with which he must contend, but Indian prejudices, Indian hatreds, Indian suspicions. They may even prove to be worse enemies to his ideals than British officialdom and imperialism.

I ask him to remember, in these years of test, that the masses of our people are his friends and not his foes.

THEY FACE A DARK FUTURE

by LESLIE BREWER

These Eurasian children will grow up in a land hostile to their parents' beliefs. They will not have the care of the British.

past and present

What will be the fate of the luckless Anglo-Indian offspring of "mixed" unions? They have served the British well. But their future is black when we leave India for good

G.I.s were surprised to find Anglo-Indian girls amenable to "fratting." They're pretty and speak English

AS THE BRITISH PREPARE to leave India, many voices are raised—the noisy Moslems, the Sikhs, the Parsees, the Untouchables—demanding consideration for their claims. Among the bazaar din, above the noise of riots, there is one voice that can hardly be heard.

It is a strange voice, speaking excellently a rather lilting English. It is the voice of the Anglo-Indian Eurasians, a community 200,000 strong.

India is a continent of communities. The Moslem came centuries ago, as a conqueror, and stayed to become an Indian. During the last four centuries Europeans have been coming to India but few have stayed, except as bones: the young bones of brides and governesses, of soldiers from the English counties, and of East India Company clerks are plentiful enough in the old cemeteries of India.

When his years of service in India were done, the European who survived gave away, or jumped with delight on, his topee and sailed away "home." Too often, however, he left behind in India something more than his topee—not his bones but his babies.

The Portuguese, four hundred years ago, to consolidate their trading position, encouraged intermarriage with Indian women. So, too, in the seventeenth century, did the British, offering a bonus to men who begot children who would be, in those difficult days, "Indians on our side."

When English women began to brave the six months' passage to India and face the terrors of housekeeping, flies and disease at the side of their husbands, the number of "inter-marriages" with Indians considerably declined.

But in a hot land where there have always been soldiers and single men, inevitably, Indian women have borne children to them. Many brown girls, in the last four hundred years, have crossed the compounds of India to the young *sahib* sleeping on the verandah.

Children of Adventurers

Some of these interludes have been sordid. The newly-arrived planter acquired a woman as casually as he bought a bull-terrier. But others have been brief Indian love lyrics.

The outcome was only too often the same.

Soldier, sailor, peer and hard-up adventurer achieved an Indian immortality in children white, whitish, brown or nearly black. Just as in Canada and America most British villages, towns and cities have their namesakes, so in India there is hardly a British surname which does not exist in the half-caste community.

The Anglo-Indian has always been an Indian "on our side." Stressing the British side, he has always minimized his Indian self. The abandoned topee he picked up and wore with pride. He used an English surname and, being a Christian, he had a Christian name.

Angus Brown, Anglo-Indian, may have red hair and a white, freckled skin; he may be brown Brown, or he may be very dark. Usually he is about as brown as most Englishmen hope to be on holiday.

He speaks English as well as you and I do; it's his "father-tongue." He speaks it with a sing-song accent which has earned for Anglo-Indians the name of "Bombay Welsh"—but, after all, most of us speak English with some accent or other. His education has been on English lines, in English, often in a missionary college, and his wife has been taught by nuns.

His wife?

Very, very rarely does a Eurasian marry an Indian woman, and equally rarely a European woman. Angus Brown marries a Eurasian girl, the fairer the better, and by "fair" he means as nearly white as possible.

There may not have been fresh British blood in his or his wife's family for five or six generations; none of his relatives has ever been to Britain; yet they all, by convention, talk of the British Isles as "home."

The Browns' home, though in an Indian city and in a by no means fashionable part, is run as nearly as possible on British lines. He, his wife and children dress in the European style; his daughters are smart, pert and permed. Brown professes to like English cooking and tinned food (expensive in India) even if he fills up, privately, on curry and rice.

Keeping up Appearances

The Anglo-Indian is usually poor and he has "appearances" to keep up which make him poorer. There must be a piano (for photographs to stand upon, at least) in his home; he delights in fussy furniture of a kind seaside landladies are beginning to consider slightly old-fashioned.

His daughters dream of "modernistic" homes.

Most of the men hold minor administrative posts in the Government service. Brown is, perhaps, a post office worker, a clerk in a shipping company, a lower grade civil servant, or a sub-inspector of police. A percentage of railway jobs is reserved for Anglo-Indians with a minimum starting wage of about four pounds a month.

Yes, four pounds a *month*. Brown doesn't see the big money.

Mrs. Brown and her daughters, however, if they were moved to a railwayman's cottage in England, would find the quarters cramped and the housework hard. One is very poor indeed in India if one cannot afford to employ a servant. The Browns probably have two.

Anglo-Indians have big families; Angus Brown is certainly a happy family man.

Doreen (a brownish Brown) is a hospital nurse. Jean (red hair, lovely white skin, freckles) has married a bombardier in the Gunners, much to her mother's delight and the local boys' annoyance. She may be going "home" soon; Mrs. Brown talks to the neighbours endlessly of this prospect.

There was something to be said for the war, though daughter number three, Aileen (olive-skinned like an Italian girl) wasn't so lucky. She hasn't heard for over a year from the English lieutenant who said that he would come back one day and marry her. It was, perhaps, all for the best that their little son, Douglas, died when he was three months old.

Last, there's the over-optimistically-named daughter Blanche, a very brown Brown, ex-WACI (Indian ATS), now doing well as nursemaid in the house of an English major.

The boy, Basil, is doing great things at school; Mr. Brown dreams of making him a doctor.

Ordinary families—but very much like ourselves, with the same language, interests, hopes and fears. Anglo-Indians see the same films, dance at the railway institute to the same tunes, and read the same books as we do. Though the *pukka* Englishman despises them they are very British.

Now the British quit India.

The Indians detest these Anglo-Indians. They wore the topee, stressed the fact they were British, played the lackey and were the oppressor's stooge.

Anglo-Indians "loyally" played a big part in suppressing the 1857 mutiny; they are in the police; they are the minor officials everywhere, on the stations, in the post offices—and no one loves the minor official, especially when he puts on airs with his trousers and topee.

The British have looked after the Browns to some extent. Though the Anglo-Indians have been only .001 per cent of the population of India, five per cent of all the post and telegraph jobs have been reserved for them, and eight per cent of railway jobs. It has paid, if not very well, to be loyal to Britain.

What is going to happen soon, no Anglo-Indian knows. For Angus Brown and many others the future is grim—particularly dark because, in the war years, the Anglo-Indians' association with Europeans was closer than ever.

"Become Good Indians"

The Americans were delighted and surprised (as were many British officers and men) to find an unsuspected supply of good-looking girls, talking English and dancing like angels. Many of the old prejudices and limitations on Eurasian and European association were broken down. Young Anglo-Indian men saw service and attained high rank; better wages were earned by all because English-speaking, hard-working, trustworthy people who knew India were invaluable.

Now the Anglo-Indians feel as old grooms and valets feel when an aged master (and an age) passes away.

They have given good service; where do they go from here?

In so far as they are organized their leader, Frank Anthony (third generation Anglo-Indian) gives the answer: "Look to India, not over your shoulder at the troopships leaving Bombay. You can never thrive in, nor will you ever see, Great Britain. Become good Indians. When it ceases to pay to be Anglo-Indian, Indians will cease to hate you. You have skills and knowledge the new India will badly want."

Certainly India has absorbed many and strange peoples, all to become Indians.

But Angus Brown, Aileen Brown with her perm and her memories, all the members of India's most tragic minority, face a dark future—because, perhaps, they are not dark enough.

TALKING POINTS ABOUT

mail

STATESMEN MIGHT LEARN FROM STAMPS. There are no international barriers to the post. Except for a few unimportant parts, freedom of transit throughout the whole world is guaranteed by the International Postal Union, pioneer of which was Dr. von Stephan, head of the Prussian Postal Service seventy years ago.

★ ★ ★

Prior to 1839, when a Bill for a uniform postage rate of 1d. a half ounce came before Parliament, letters were paid for on delivery in this country. Penny postage became general in Britain on January 10, 1840, but cash had still to be paid. The first stamp, the unperforated Queen Victoria penny black, designed by Rowland Hill, appeared on May 6, 1840.

★ ★ ★

On the first night of the penny post, 112,000 letters were dispatched from the G.P.O., London. Now seven million are posted in the London area every day. The average daily total for all Britain is twenty-two million.

★ ★ ★

Inland mails are carried by rail, road, sea and air. Rail is the chief way; travelling post offices, in which correspondence is sorted en route, run over most of the main railway lines. The largest T.P.O. in the world is the Down Special, from London to Aberdeen; fifty sorters are kept busy aboard this every night.

★ ★ ★

In London, the G.P.O. has its own underground railway, the only one of its kind in the world. Completed in 1927, it runs for six and a half miles, eighty feet underground, from Whitechapel to Paddington. Trains, which each carry 120 bags of letters, have neither drivers nor guards, but are operated by switchmen at each station. At rush periods a three-minute service at thirty-five miles per hour is kept up in both directions.

★ ★ ★

Before the first World War practically all post office road transport was horse-drawn. In 1919 there were forty-eight motor vehicles; now there are more than 17,000.

★ ★ ★

Pillar-box red has long been a recognized name for that colour. So British, in fact, that one of the first acts of the Irish Free State Government was to order Eire post boxes to be painted green.

★ ★ ★

Biggest strain on the postal service is at Christmas, when 100,000 extra staff are needed, 16,000 in the London area. Pleas to post early are made, but millions of letters and parcels are posted in the last two days before Christmas.

★ ★ ★

After being "faced up" on arrival at the sorting office, letters are passed through a stamping machine. This obliterates as many as 600 stamps a minute, marking the place, date and time of posting. Delay is caused if stamps are placed elsewhere than in the right-hand top corner of the envelope and if coins or other objects are enclosed with letters.

★ ★ ★

A postman working a stamping machine got a shock when an artificial eye popped out of a burst envelope and was crushed in the machine. One-eyed himself, he thought it was his "store" one on the table!

★ ★ ★

According to post office officials, many letters are incorrectly addressed. There is no need to put the name of the country for Scotland, nor does it help to add "near so and so" or "Local." Sorting is done by county districts and post towns; in big cities, by district initials and delivery office numbers, like Glasgow, C.2.

★ ★ ★

Bad writing also hinders sorting. An M.P., complaining of delay in delivery, sent the G.P.O. an envelope he had addressed himself. Out of six officials who examined it at the G.P.O., four were unable to decipher the post town at all and two read it wrong!

PRIVATE VIEW OF JULIAN HUXLEY

TUTOR FOR THE WORLD

DR. JULIAN HUXLEY was once awarded a Hollywood "Oscar" for his work on a film. The film was *The Private Life of the Gannets*, a documentary about a bird, but the "Oscar" has never had a place on Huxley's mantelpiece. "It's so frightful," he says.

The story sums up the character of one of the most popular and versatile intellectuals in England today.

Known primarily as a scientific worker, Huxley has lived a life of conflict in which the other aspects of his nature have tried to draw him.

He has lapsed occasionally into literature and philosophy, and had to return again. Yet now he can devote his energies to all three because he has been chosen to act as executive secretary to the United Nations Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organization.

UNESCO is still in the stage of a preparatory commission, but for Huxley it represents a full-time job and one which he has accepted with fervour.

All his life, whether in Africa or the Americas, in Russia, France or Switzerland, in Oxford or Hampstead, he has been crusading for what the United Nations have now committed to a charter with articles and preambles. For science, to Huxley, is a very real thing; a force which can save or destroy the world and upon which Man must base his philosophy of life.

"It's not just a philosophy of materialism," he says, "but a guide for thinkers not to take any of the great religions of the world for granted. Science will make a contribution to the religion of the future."

It is the diversity of his interests that makes Huxley, at fifty-nine, a good choice for Chief of UNESCO. There is his extraordinary versatility, his zeal, the motive force of his intellectual curiosity and his absolute faith in the power of knowledge. His career is one of achievement.

BY 1910 he had begun lecturing in zoology at Balliol College after completing his education at Eton and Oxford. His heart was in languages and literature, and he would have liked nothing better than to attempt a living out of poetry, but his family persuaded him to follow in the footsteps of his father, Leonard Huxley.

Not only has Julian Huxley written extensively on his own subject, biology, but on a multiplicity of related topics. He has taken part in the production of educational films, edited books for schools, travelled on expeditions and become absorbed in the problems of adult education, particularly those of the East African natives.

Huxley has experimented with a variety of literary forms. He has collected pictures and artistic friends and was an original member of the Brains Trust. And there was, of course, his work at the Zoo. Londoners have a lot to thank him for, as regards that.

As a college undergraduate Huxley was a champion high jumper. Now his lean height is reduced by a pronounced stoop. Fifty-nine years have aged him, yet there is still a fund of restless energy.

There is nothing that Huxley loves better than talking. He will explore a variety of subjects, punctuating his sentences as a dance band leader conducts his players, using his hand with the fingers stretched apart. They are short, stumpy fingers, and adorning one of them is a wedding ring and a signet ring.

He lives in a charming, eighteenth-century house in Hampstead, with a delightful garden behind that, to Huxley, is a great solace except when the kids of the nursery school next door "are raising hell."

The interiors are bright and animated, decorated in elementary colours—reds, yellows, greens. A multitude of pictures adorns the walls and there are ornaments and bric-a-brac.

There is an original Picasso near the front door, a pencil sketch. Huxley points to it and exclaims: "Look at that—people say Picasso can't draw!" A Trevelyan hangs in the dining-room; an African scene with a four-breasted negress in the foreground.

In the drawing-room there is a piece of wood carved in the shape of an eel by the younger son who is now studying zoology at Oxford and intending, his father hopes, to follow in his own footsteps.

The boy appears to have inherited his artistic gifts from his Swiss mother, who carved the duck adorning the stairway to the study.

There's another son who did operational research for the R.A.F. during the war and is now married.

THE study is Huxley's sanctuary. It occupies the room of their charming home that could be described as first floor front. With his books lining the walls from floor to ceiling, his art treasures, the antique furniture and bowls of flowers, the character is reflected of the scientist, poet, artist, idealist and man.

Here he sits of an evening munching biscuits and slabs of cheese between gulps of beer. He's tired after a busy day of correspondence and conferences at Belgrave Square, but very likely there's still more work to be done.

UNESCO's new H.Q. in Paris is the Majestic Hotel, used during the war by the German Counter-Espionage. There Huxley and his educators plan to stabilize a deep and far-reaching peace by—in the words of its constitution—*advancing, through the educational and scientific and cultural relations of the peoples of the world, the objectives of international peace and of the common welfare of mankind.*

Objectives which, he might fairly claim, have governed his past life as well as the work to come.

Shocks for great grandmother! Can it possibly be Sunday—and in Hyde Park, too! Let us hope dear Victoria doesn't know about it

THE CHANGING FACE OF SUNDAY

Cinema, radio and bathing lido have smashed the dreary taboos of a Victorian Sunday. Even the Church has new ideas for making Sunday a bright spot in the week

by GORDON BECKLES

ONE OF THE VICTIMS OF LIFE today is yesterday's conception of Sunday.

Church people are still arguing about it; yet, so slowly that few realize it, the change has already come. The Sabbath of nineteenth-century Britain is on its death-bed.

How has it all happened? And what do the Churches think about it now?

Here are some of the factors which have wrought this great change in people's lives in this country, a change that may quite as easily lead to a revival of Christian feeling and church-going as to the Christian debacle which some people fear.

(1) *Reaction Against the Victorian Sunday.*

In the early days of this century people began to get the previous century into perspective—and a lot that they saw took the gilt off the Victorian gingerbread, including the Victorian Sunday.

Millions of English, Welsh, Scots and Irish spent the Sabbath in what they regarded as a God-fearing manner, foreswearing the reading of light novels and the playing of cards. They went to church in the morning and again in the evening.

But there were many more millions for whom Sunday was made a dreary nightmare relieved only by the opening of squalid pubs and the cheapness of gin and spirits.

Yet the upper classes, able to visit Paris—and any other Continental capital for that matter—for weekends, deplored any suggestion of a "Continental Sunday." This also was the attitude of the Churches generally.

Games for children in the parks (instead of the mean streets) and Sunday League concerts and day trips to the seaside were two forms taken by the reaction until 1922.

(2) *Broadcasting.*

In 1922 a new force entered the life of the community; while one department of the State was bent on preserving the Sabbath on orthodox lines (the Church of England), another department of State was proceeding to revolutionize it (the British Broadcasting Company).

Into the very parlours once dominated by the Family Bible poured, all Sunday long, a stream of entertainment associated with the music halls.

What a revolution in twenty-odd years!

To "Make Up" on Sunday

I have been examining the B.B.C. programmes for an average Sunday this autumn.

True, there was a morning service by the Church of Scotland and an evening service from St. Martin-in-the-Fields; but also there was the sophisticated wit of Miss Hermione Gingold and three detective thrillers.

Of course, if an artist dared to appear on a concert platform with "stage make-up," an organization called the Lord's Day Observance Society could threaten prosecution. The society has made no pronouncement, as yet, as to what it will do about television. . . .

In a few years the B.B.C. had created a synthetic "Continental Sunday."

(3) *Travel.*

The arrival of cheap motoring in the middle 'twenties was a body blow to the conception of Sunday that kept people at home or in church.

In Scotland it provoked a strange state of affairs. Traditionally a strict Sabbath-keeping country, it also had licensing laws designed with kindly thought for the "bona fide traveller."

Motoring-for-the-million, motoring from pub to pub in the "bona fide" manner, had a profound influence on the Sabbath in Scotland in a way which has not yet touched England, whose licensing laws remain one of the few Sunday survivals, i.e. the pubs are closed most of the day.

Scotland, however, remains the most vocal opponent to the new idea of Sunday.

Many, locally, h. e deplored cinema shows in Perth and football in the Orkneys; last October a Stornoway minister opposed the sailing of the Stornoway mail steamer on a Sunday.

(4) *Films.*

This is one of the active issues of the moment in many parts of the country.

Certainly the showing of films on the Sabbath carries the "shadow Continental Sunday" a step further. Themes and sights which the B.B.C. would doubtless hesitate to tackle on the seventh day are there for even small children to see.

Yet Sunday films are gaining ground.

Canterbury, with the shadow of the cathedral on its doorsteps, gave 3,539 votes to Sunday cinemas, with only 634 against. At Torquay there was melodramatic resistance. Seven hundred people attended an all-night service in a Baptist church praying that no films should be shown on the Sabbath; Torquay voted 2 to 1 in favour of Sunday films.

(5) *The War.*

It is life in the Services since 1939 that can be said to have given the *coup de grâce.*

This has been accomplished in two ways.

First it gave local people an idea of how lonely the Sunday they ordain is for strangers in their midst. Many a soldier has bitter memories of towns where he could neither get a glass of beer to drink nor a cinema to sit in; the present wave of "Sunday cinema" referendums is largely a back-wash of this phase of Service life.

Secondly, it has given millions of young men and women a glimpse of the world outside their own homelands.

When you hear a soldier back from Hamburg and Berlin saying what a fine time they have there on Sundays—well, it provokes serious thought.

What is the Continental Sunday?

It is largely dominated by Roman Catholic thought; it means that you can go to your church early on the Sabbath, spend your morning quietly—and the rest of the day is yours to enjoy yourself how you will. Incidentally, in most countries, it also embraces Monday morning off (just to recover) in exchange for a working Saturday afternoon.

Football, theatres, cinemas, restaurants, circuses and what-have-you provide a carnival day.

So now we reach the big question mark: is this new conception of Sunday good or bad for us?

The Church of England has apparently made up its mind that it is likely to be good for us, and, the Church of Rome having also made up its mind, this promises a new alignment of forces.

Behind the Church of England's decision may be the realization that nothing could worsen the state of church-going. It is difficult for statisticians to calculate the number of true Christians.

In 1920, official returns suggested that out of a population of thirty-six millions, only three and a half millions above the age of eighteen were registered C. of E., and only two and a half millions were communicants. In 1943 the position had altered so that it was believed that of every hundred born of C. of E. parents, sixty-seven were baptized, thirty-four attended Sunday school, twenty-six were confirmed—but only nine made their Communion at Easter.

Merry England Again

So the the Church of England has decided to launch a campaign to make its views on Sunday better known. One of the principal pieces of propaganda that has been unearthed makes one wish that it had been brought back to the light before.

It is from the *Book of Sports,* published by James I in 1618.

It says: "*. . . and as for our good people's lawful recreation, our pleasure likewise is, that after the end of divine service our good people be not disturbed, letted or discouraged from any lawful recreation; such as dancing, either men or women; archery for men; leaping, vaulting, or any other harmless recreation, nor from having of May games, Whitsun ales and Morris dances; and the setting up of Maypoles and all other sports therewith used . . . but withal . . . are prohibited bear and bull baitings . . . and bowling.*"

Apart from bowling, this seems such an admirable summing-up of a Sunday in once-Merry England, that one ponders on the course of history that has obstructed it.

James I did, in short, define what we have since known as a "Continental Sunday"!

Whatever may happen, the old-fashioned, Puritanical, nineteenth-century, Victorian-cum-Edwardian conception of the Fourth Commandment is passing away. If it has not already passed.

what DESIGN IN INDU

This is how artists, manufacturers and the Government are improving the design of everyday things in Britain. Our "quality plus beauty" drive means goodbye to an era of commercial ugliness

by DENNIS BARDENS

THE "BRITAIN CAN MAKE IT" EXHIBITION which opens at the Victoria and Albert Museum on September 24 is far more than an attempt to re-establish ourselves abroad as a great manufacturing power.

It is quite true that we wish to do just that. But, at last, the emphasis is on design.

Artists, designers, manufacturers, technicians, economists and civil servants have joined forces to show that in productive efficiency, skill and vitality of design, Britain can lead the world.

It is a selective exhibition. Each exhibit has been passed for its excellence. There is no rented floor space and no displaying of goods just because a manufacturer feels like it.

The keynote is the insistence by Sir Stafford Cripps that "For good workmanship and good material we have a reputation, but that is not enough today. We must be pre-eminent, too, in producing goods that are pleasing to the eye and the touch."

This attitude is not new. But its direct application to our industries is a social development which will in time affect every one of us. The tide of ugliness which has threatened to engulf us ever since the Industrial Revolution is receding.

For the movement aims at nothing less than the beautifying of everyday things: tooth-brushes, door-knobs, shoes, books, handbags, milk jugs, wireless sets, textiles and other necessities.

Let us, first of all, cast our minds back a bit.

Before the Industrial Revolution, production was in the hands of craftsmen and workmen. Whether spinners or thatchers, carpenters or saddlers, they had behind them centuries of tradition.

Whatever they made must do its job. It must be made from suitable materials and must look as well as its fundamental purpose would allow.

A craftsman was frequently a designer as well; the two things went together.

Machines Killed Design

Of course, shoes or iron gates weren't always *consciously* designed; they hadn't much relation to ART, in capital letters.

Pretension hadn't yet crept in.

Objects made to fulfil their fundamental purpose have an inherent beauty of their own. At least, they have integrity.

The machine age meant the virtual end of this sort of craftsman. Laborious hand processes could now be done by machinery in a fraction of the time and cost; goods of all types could be produced more cheaply, yet at greater profit to the maker. A widening gap appeared between maker and designer. Speed and cheapness of production came first and design last, if it came at all.

The debasement of public taste had begun.

With few exceptions, the new manufacturers had no tradition of taste. Profit was their only motive. By flooding the market with unsightly novelties that had not been seen before, they could start a fashion; and the creation of a newly-rich class meant a huge market for bad architecture, indifferent pictures and grotesque furniture. It was a riot of bad taste; tableware floridly coloured and absurdly shaped; clocks that looked like cathedrals; pretentiously moulded fire-irons.

There was a reaction, of course, among the more educated classes. They sought refuge in the artistic productions of the past. But this only aggravated matters. Craftsmen, already few in numbers, were left with even less work.

This was a failure to face the problem of changing times, which was how to use, to best social advantage, the vast new sources of energy. And this preoccupation with the past encouraged a new disaster. The wealthy manufacturer found the middle classes ripe for imitations. They too must have "antique" furniture, even if it were made by inexperienced craftsmen.

Those who moaned about the good old days forgot that whereas in bygone centuries there was beautiful furniture, one could also be broken on the wheel for trivial offences. They forgot that socially and historically, one cannot put the clock back.

Age of Imitations

Good craftsmanship appeals because it reflects accurately the distinctive spirit of the period. The social conditions, intellectual conceptions and peculiarities of the long dead past cannot be brought back to life.

Hence imitation, however skilfully done, is seldom successful and more usually absurd.

The fashion still survives. Electric fittings are faked to resemble candles, lampshades are made of oily paper in imitation of parchment. Houses are given an Elizabethan touch with silly imitations of timbering which once had a structural, as well as a decorative purpose.

Decorative patterns, even up to the outbreak of this last war, showed persistent traces of this phoney art. The everlasting "olde worlde" garden, the simpering lady in the crinoline and the model galleon were manufacturers' stock-in-trade.

Furniture sank lowest of all. Plywood backs and razor-thin veneers superimposed on shoddy soft-wood foundations became the rule, with a lavish use of varnish to hide the paucity of design.

Then came the jazz, or the "all-corners-and-no-curves" style. A movement on the Continent used simple lines, judicious colour and careful proportion to give an impression of gay spaciousness.

Manufacturers copied the more obvious features of the new style without grasping the fundamental principle of proportion. Carpets, shop-fronts, glassware, furniture and domestic appliances broke out into a rash of meaningless zig-zags.

It is a depressing thought, but a fact, that before the war over ninety per cent of all manufactured products, with the exception of electrical equipment, textiles and motor-cars, were of deplorable design. In every industry there were, of course, a few brave individuals. But theirs was a small trickle when compared with the flood of rubbish.

Yet, except for furniture, British technical achievement is extremely high and the quality of our materials first-class. Our greatest fault was, and still is, in *design*.

Where does the fault now lie?

The present drift of things has worried educationalists and artists ever since the first Great War, when the British Institute of Industrial Art, formed in 1920 and at first subsidized by the Government, sought to encourage good designers and craftsmen by arranging exhibitions. Government financial support was withdrawn a year later, but the organization struggled on.

In 1921 the Federation of British Industries appointed an Industrial Arts Committee, which formed an employment bureau for putting manufacturers in contact with designers. Ten years later the Board of Trade followed their example by appointing a committee which advocated more art in industry, with a warning that the public, too, would need to be more discriminating.

Later the Council for Art in Industry was formed by the Board of Trade with the object of encouraging better design in all manufactured products.

It isn't an easy task. Production involves (a) the manufacturer, (b) the retail buyer and (c) the purchaser—yourself.

You say that you can only make your choice from what is offered, and that it's no use talking of bad taste, because you can't even see it is bad taste unless you have a chance to compare it with something better.

The *retailer* says he buys what the public wants (although his public haven't had the chance to make a choice or a comparison).

The *manufacturer* quotes the retail buyer, but in reality he knows that a change of design means extra expense. He probably has little understanding of what good designers can do for him. He doesn't realize that most people are hungry for beauty, and that better designed articles sell better.

Or perhaps he's tried dealing with the sort of artists who think themselves a race apart, with no need to discipline their energies or apply them for the benefit of ordinary people.

Art Boosts Sales

The physical fact is that there is too big a gap between the designer and the technician. They should train together and work together. A designer must understand the technical processes involved and realize which materials are most suited to the task.

The manufacturer needs to make greater use of artists and designers and to "give them their head" more. I saw the other day, in a designer's office, a striking looking radio, very neat and modern. Its colours were an integral part of the shape and placing of the various parts.

The manufacturers used the shape and ignored the colours.

But designers and artists are at last coming into their own. For two reasons: the artists do not disdain to apply their talents to everyday things—and industry has discovered that a good-looking article sells better.

One firm of wireless manufacturers, who took

STRY mean?

their set to a designer greatly increased their previous top figures for export during 1945.

Some of the textile designs now coming from the Manchester design centre are equal to anything that Paris produced in its hey-day. A firm which manufactured millions of glass tumblers before the war has had new moulds designed which put artistic glasses within easy reach of everyone.

This is not much ado about nothing. Good design isn't a luxury; it's an urgent necessity.

At the moment anything sells. But if we are to hold foreign markets we must compete with countries whose standards of taste are superior to our own, and whose prices are lower because their wage rates are lower.

We shall sell on design, or not at all.

Improved design of mass-produced goods may have a profound social effect at home. The point at which physical needs are satisfied is the point at which spiritual needs begin. There is in all of us an instinct that demands satisfaction in beauty.

"The point to remember," Richard Lonsdale-Hands, one of our industrial designers, told me, "is that an article should have unity. Design should blend with purpose. I'm now designing a television set. I must remember that it will probably supplant the fire as a focal point in a room; it should be agreeable, but not too arresting. And it needn't imitate in style a table or some other object of furniture. It's a piece of furniture in its own right."

More Designers Needed

Lonsdale-Hands works as hard as any workman. He recently flew 14,000 miles between London and the Pacific to test the soundness of his design for the BOAC air liner Tudor II.

Most industries are within reasonable distance of local art schools. Young apprentices should be encouraged to attend for training in technique and design (in Czechoslovakia such attendance is compulsory and employers are fined if they prevent it).

And where possible both technical and art schools should be under one roof, as they are at Leicester. The designer learns something of the technician's problems and the technician grasps the rudiments of design.

If industry is to be served, we need far more art trainees. Last year less than 40,000 pupils took art courses, and of those only 4,000 were full-time pupils. It isn't nearly enough to go round, even if they all went into industry—which they don't. And when art students do join a firm's design department, they are often paid so poorly that they don't get a chance to travel and keep abreast of new trends and fresh ideas.

Many live on salaries of £300 and less in provincial towns, becoming stale and dispirited.

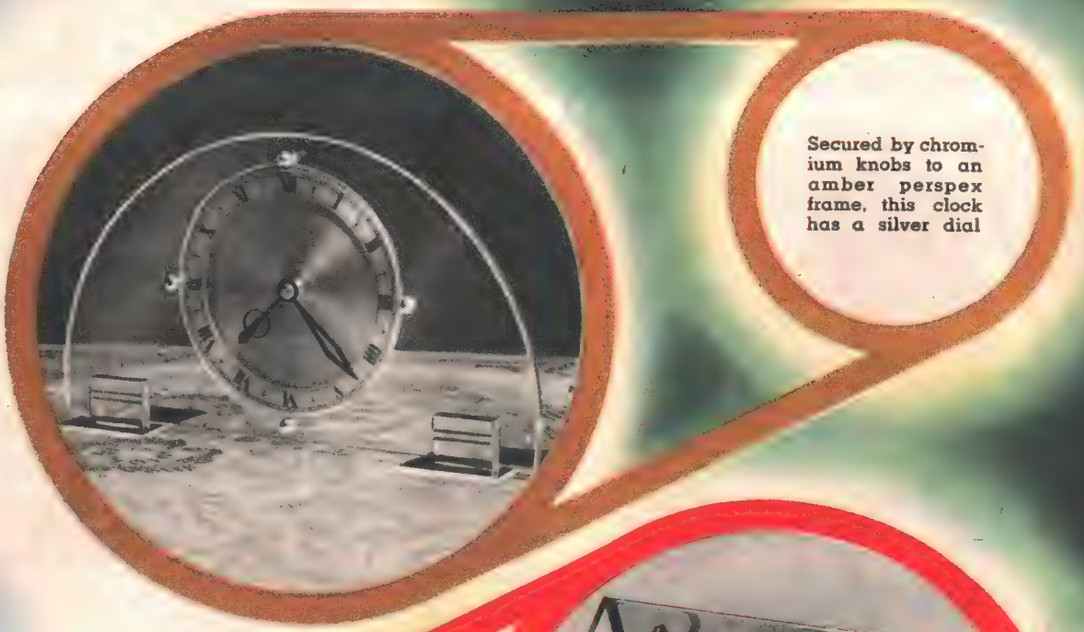
Even the Ministry of Education once said that there would be no point in bringing designers from Paris to the provinces because the atmosphere would kill their inspiration.

And now the Board of Trade, by inaugurating the Council of Industrial Design, is making a real effort to see that our goods are the best designed as well as the best in the world.

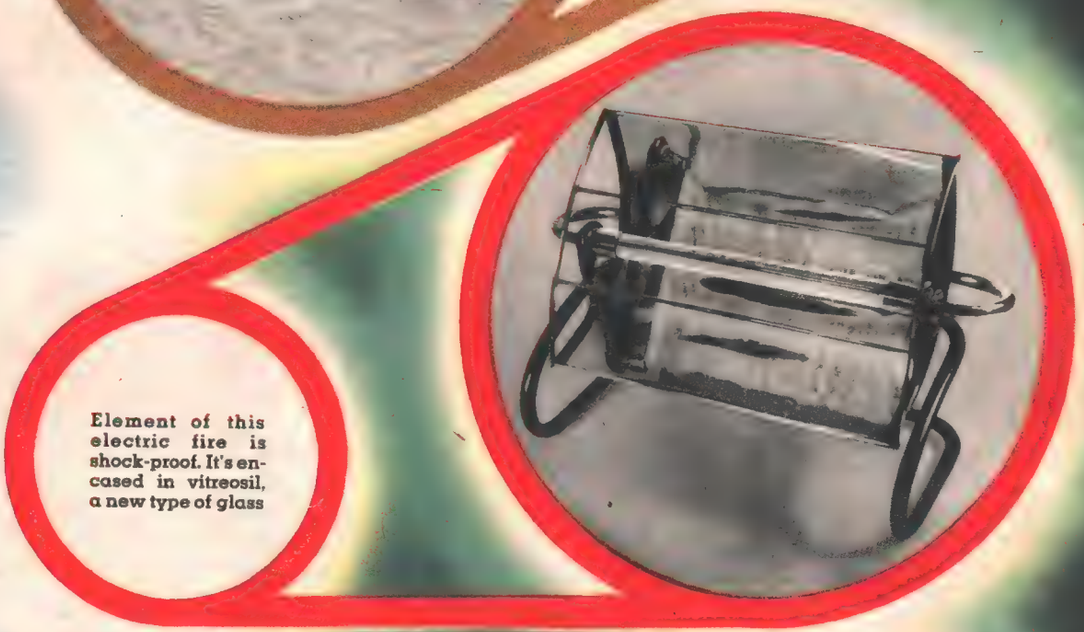
Design centres are to be set up throughout the country.

All the requirements of good design will be available, in time, under one roof and in the locality of the industry which the centre is to serve. There will be effective liaison between students, trained designers, manufacturers and education authorities, and creative ability will be helped towards channels where it can bring the maximum of pleasure and profit into our lives.

Considering the present and especially pre-war state of design, this is long overdue.



Secured by chromium knobs to an amber perspex frame, this clock has a silver dial



Element of this electric fire is shock-proof. It's encased in vitreosil, a new type of glass

Post-war kettle with lid well forward for easy filling, and handle that protects hand

As I was saying ★ by HERBERT HODGE

"I like watching a pretty lady's leg"

LET'S BE GROWN-UP ABOUT SEX

The sensational success of a bedroom farce puzzles JOHN BULL's friendly philosopher, who wonders why we sometimes behave like schoolboys in our attitude to sex

I CAN NEVER PASS THE LONDON THEATRE where the play *Is Your Honeymoon Really Necessary?* is still running (in its third year) without feeling a little puzzled and depressed.

This play must have been seen by many thousands of people. Many of these people must have liked it, and recommended it to their friends—otherwise its run would have ended long ago.

What puzzles me is where all these people come from. What depresses me is the thought that they come at all.

I saw the play on its second night. I was writing dramatic criticism then, and therefore seeing most of the new plays. I thought this play was the feeblest farce I'd seen during the whole year. I gave it about a fortnight before it closed down.

But now it has been running for over two years. It's a success—an outstanding success. Why?

The answer, of course, may be simply that I'm a very poor dramatic critic. But when I prophesied its failure I wasn't thinking so much of its dramatic construction—which is workmanlike enough. I was thinking of its attitude to sex.

I had to go a long way back before I could recollect a similar attitude in real life—back to the time when I was a baker's errand boy.

This attitude to sex was probably natural enough among us errand boys—since we were all completely inexperienced in the practice, and extremely ignorant about the theory, of sexual relations. We should, I'm sure, have found such a play dizzily exciting and uproariously funny.

Nothing "Improper"

But errand boys don't earn enough money to keep a London theatre playing to capacity for over two years. And when I first saw the play I didn't believe there could be sufficient grown-up people to provide a profitable audience for it.

However, it seems that there are.

Don't mistake me. There's nothing in the least "improper" about the play. The behaviour of the characters, throughout, is almost puritanically proper. That seems to be the whole point.

There are, as is usual in this type of farce, three principal characters: a man, a woman, and a bed. In this particular case, we are given double measure: two men, two women, and two beds.

No one appears to be passionately in love with anyone else, but each pair considers getting into bed together. The great question is: shall they, or shan't they—will they, or won't they?

My own feeling was: who cares? But apparently a lot of people do care, and care sufficiently to pay a good price to sit through these two long hours of indecision; presumably deriving considerable fun and excitement from it.

There is the man, there is the woman, and there is the bed. The audience watches, all agog. The hesitations, the hints, the fumblings, the half-undressings—the long, dreary dragging out of the nearly, nearly, but not quite—apparently mean as much to this audience as love, wit, passion, poetry and music mean to normal, adult people. It's all very queer.

I was extremely interested in the Rev. W. E. Purcell's discussion of this question in JOHN BULL a few weeks ago. Are we becoming a nation of Peeping Toms?

I could understand our becoming Peeping Toms, if we were offered something exciting to peep at. But in this kind of play there isn't anything to see. Nothing happens.

For my part, I see no harm in the vaudeville type of leg show. I like watching a pretty lady's legs—especially when they are nimble legs, dancing to a cheerful tune. I like a bawdy wit, too. It makes me laugh, and does me good. It may be vulgar, but it's straightforward and natural.

Creatures like us, at least nine parts ape to one part god, must let the old ape off the chain at times or we'd go crazy.

But when it comes to amusing the old ape, there's more gusto in one bawdy joke from Shakespeare (or half a one from Rabelais) than there is in a dozen of these modern farces.

"A Tisket, A Tasket . . ."

Even in Victorian and Edwardian times, there was still a gusto that our modern entertainments seem to lack—sex or no sex. Compare, for instance, Harry Champion singing "Boiled Beef and Carrots" with his modern counterpart crooning "A tisket, a tasket . . ."

I last heard Harry Champion at a concert just before the war. He must have been a very old man then. But the vim and vigour he put into his singing were enough to lift us out of our seats. Nor did he need a microphone to make himself heard.

I sometimes think there's a connection between the falling-off in the gusto of our entertainments generally, and this queer, modern, pat-a-cake attitude to sex.

It may have something to do with our increased use of mechanical aids—our use of microphones and motor cars instead of lungs and legs. We may be losing some of our virility. But I haven't noticed any falling off in manliness, or womanliness, among the men and women I know. So it's probably a purely mental reason.

If you go back to the popular plays of Shakespeare's day, you find no trace of this pat-a-cake stuff. All the characters are full-blooded—whether passionate, poetic, or vulgar. Whatever they go in for, they go the whole hog, and have a high old time.

The Victorians tried to separate love and sex; keeping them as far apart as God and Satan. In the Victorian play, what the hero wanted was simply to hold the heroine's lilywhite hand, but what the villain wanted was worse than death.

Romantic Nonsense

What the average man and woman wanted was thus cruelly cut in half. But the two halves still had vigorous life. You could go to the concert hall and hear "Come Into The Garden, Maud," or you could go to the music hall and hear Marie Lloyd. And you could enjoy yourself in both places.

Then along came the scientific pioneers and knocked the whole thing flat—abolishing both God and Satan, poetry and passion, in one swipe. "What's all this romantic nonsense about love? What's all this foolish fuss about sex? They're one and the same thing. Just a man and a woman getting into a bed; that's all." Exactly what the schoolboy thought.

The scientific pioneers, and those who came after them, went on to discover that there was a great deal more in it than that. But these discoveries apparently take a good many years to percolate through to the minds of the mass of the people, still longer to affect human behaviour and, longest of all, to affect public entertainment, which still seems to be suffering from that old hangover, caused by the crushing blow those early scientists dealt our great-grandfathers.

But I think it's only a passing phase. The gusto is slowly coming back again. One good sign is the popularity of the "old-time dance" nights that we hear on the radio. Another good sign is the growth of the "little theatres" putting on plays with something to say.

Meanwhile, those of us who feel we *are* adult-minded, can do a great deal towards helping this renaissance by making sure that our own children, at least, grow up with a fair idea of what love between a man and a woman really means.

THE HUMAN MACHINE

luck's not enough

THE MAN WHO RELIES ON LUCK to carry him through life will find that bad luck is the only sort he will encounter. Chance will operate against him.

There is a great deal of loose talk about the effects of "luck" and "chance" in life. They play a part, certainly, but sooner or later they let you down.

Louis Pasteur, the great French scientist, had the right idea. He was never tired of saying that "chance favours only the mind which is prepared."

The truth is that the only people who have "good" luck are those who have their eyes open to recognize opportunities; who are always looking out for them, and who seize their chances, when they come, with both hands. In the same way "bad" luck is mostly just a tale of opportunities missed.

Sir Walter Scott knew this well:

Chance will not do the work—Chance sends the breeze:
But if the pilot slumber at the helm,
The very wind that wafts us towards the port
May dash us on the shelves. The steersman's part is vigilance . . .

Milton talked of "that power which erring men call chance."

After all, if we really believe in "chance," then goodbye to all the order of the universe. Unless we believe that effects have causes, and that there is a reason for everything, we shall end in mental chaos.

Luck's not enough. It never was.

by ROFFE THOMPSON

Mr Tanner

AND THE CAT BURGLAR

His wife boasted that her great-grandma shot a highwayman, but the night was full of surprises when a cat burglar popped through the window

by WILLARD H. TEMPLE

ILLUSTRATED BY RIX

FATHER AND THE CAT BURGLAR were equally responsible for mother's taking up genealogy. The cat burglar started it with a series of thefts that had the town talking, and father added fuel by his conviction that women were helpless and unable to defend themselves.

"He'd better not try here," mother said at dinner one evening.

"I'll bet you'd scare him to death, Amy," father said. He chuckled and winked at the rest of us.

Mother's face became pink and she tossed her head. "Just let him try. I'll make him regret he's not an honest, decent citizen."

Father's six-foot frame shook with amusement. Mother was small and the spectacle of her standing up to the town's criminal element was too much for him. He guffawed with laughter while mother stared angrily across the table at him.

"Most men," she said, "would be proud of their wives. You sit there and laugh like a hyena."

We had been sitting over the remains of the meal; mother picked up her plate and flounced into the kitchen. We could hear the angry clatter of dishes and looked up at father for the next act of a familiar family drama.

Father scratched his head. "What the heck have I done now?" he said blankly. He sighed, got up, and started after her to make it up. In the door he paused and looked back at us. "Your mother's a wonderful woman," he said.

The point was that father had a great admiration for mother's intellectual qualities. He considered her much superior to himself, but he had the unshakable conviction that he was the provider for and the defender of his family, the bulwark against all of life's dangers.

MOTHER'S belligerent attitude towards the cat burglar amused him, but mother was annoyed. She recalled a story from her childhood about a great-grandmother of hers who was reported to have shot a highwayman, and she wrote to all her relatives for details.

It wasn't as dramatic as mother had hoped. Great-grandmother, as a young bride, had lived in a lonely farm on the Great North Road, and one day a drunken tramp had staggered up to the door. Great-grandmother fired a charge of shot over the tramp's head and scared him off. It was all there was to the story, but mother did her best with it. In the attic she found a portrait of her great-grandmother. It had been done when she was well along in life and the artist should have been lynched. Mother had exclaimed, "Horrors!" on inheriting the painting and hied it off to the lumber-room.

Now, however, she brought it downstairs, dusted it carefully, and hung it over the sideboard in the dining-room.

She was prepared for father when he came home. Father had no eye for art but even so the picture stopped him in his tracks.

"Who's that old geezer?" father said.

"Don't you dare," mother flared up. "That's my great-grandmother and she shot a highwayman."

Father looked at the picture again and laughed. "Bet a bob she missed him."

Mother defended the portrait, feeling that both the honour of her family and her sex were at stake. She hoped that eventually it would sink through father's head that his wife was not a butterfly but came of sturdy stock, and that women could protect their brood as well as men. But it didn't work that way. The more father saw of the picture, the more he joked about it.

"She never shot that footpad," he declared once. "One look at her scared the poor man to death."

Mother was furious but helpless.

"Maybe," father said hopefully on another occasion, "we could bribe the cat burglar to steal the picture."

The thief had been operating in our neighbourhood recently and was chiefly notorious because his speciality was removing cash from wallets in preference to taking such items as jewellery or silver.

His first victims in our road were the Gilberts. They had twin beds and Mr. Gilbert's trousers were hung neatly across a chair between their beds. The burglar took the wallet from a hip pocket, slipped out the cash, left the wallet on the chair, and departed as quietly as he had come.

The theft was reported to the police and they came around dutifully and looked without success for clues. They decided it was the work of a local man who was young and agile, but they had nothing more to go on than that, and after a few weeks the incident was forgotten, especially since there was considerable local gossip to the effect that the burglar might have been Mrs. Gilbert.

But that theory was demolished when the burglar struck again, and thereafter we began to hear of him at regular intervals. The police were taken to task by

I saw mother first. She was standing half-way down stairs, brandishing a slipper. Father was on the floor with his arms round the umbrella stand

irate citizens and "we view with alarm" editorials appeared in the local paper.

Mother was not one of the hand-wringing women. "He'd better not try to get in this house," she said.

But if mother wasn't worried, father was, largely because his business entailed his making occasional trips up to London. He had an extension telephone installed in their bedroom and made mother promise that if she heard a suspicious noise she was to telephone the police.

"If you hear a sound," father said, "just pick up the telephone. Say, 'I want a policeman.' Give your address, then hang up. Lie back and close your eyes and pretend to be asleep."

"Suppose he comes into my room?"

"Just lie there," father repeated. "Try to breathe naturally as though asleep and keep your eyes closed."

"And let him walk off with whatever he can find?" mother exclaimed indignantly. "I certainly will not."

"I forbid you to do anything else," father thundered.

"He'd just better not try," mother said grimly.

Angered by what he considered mother's refusal to co-operate, father finally hit on what he thought was a solution. He consulted a local electrician and finally, the day before leaving for a trip, father and the electrician rigged up a home-made burglar alarm.

It was installed on the second step of the stairs and could be turned on and off by a switch. That night, when mother and father started up to bed, father demonstrated. He flipped the switch, trod on the second step and a loud buzzer sounded through the house.

"If you hear that go off at any time," father said, "just call the police."

He was much pleased with himself, thinking that if the burglar should step on it, he certainly wouldn't go on upstairs but would instantly rush from the house. He reminded mother not to forget to open the switch every night when he was away.

THEY had been in bed that night for about an hour when the alarm went off. I was sleeping up on the top floor when I heard the buzzer. I bounced out of bed and raced down the stairs.

Below me I could hear father's roar. "Phone the police, Amy," he shouted.

I came pelting down the stairs, heard father starting down the next flight, and a moment later there was a shouted oath from father, a terrific smash, a shattering of glass, then silence.

I saw mother first. She was half-way down the stairs, a wild light in her eyes, and one hand held over her head brandishing a slipper. Father was down below her in the hall. He was seated on the floor, he had both arms around the umbrella stand, and the shaft of a golf club protruded through the window in our front door.

The little tableau remained posed for a moment and then father got heavily to his feet and yanked the golf club back in through the window. Tenderly he felt his arms and legs.

"Are you hurt, Henry?" mother said. "Did you fall downstairs?"

Father looked sourly at her. "No," he said, "I did a high dive. Did you call the police?"

"I forgot to," mother said. "Besides, I wanted to be at your side, to show you I wasn't afraid——"

"I gave you orders to call the police," father said angrily. "Somebody stepped on that alarm. I came running down the stairs, tripped on some fool toy or——"

He broke off. We heard a faint "meow" and our cat, Tiger, that had been crouching, petrified with fear, two-thirds of the way up the stairs, stood up, and crept cautiously away.

Mother leaned over the banister and collapsed into helpless laughter. Father banged the golf club into the umbrella stand, pulled down his pyjama coat, and stalked indignantly up the stairs.

"I'm glad you find it so amusing," he said coldly. "Too bad I didn't break my neck and make it really comic."

He went angrily off to bed, and the next day, when he left for London, mother had instructions to keep the cat in the cellar at night.

Mother and I saw him off on the train. Father kept talking about the alarm.

"Don't worry," mother said, "I can handle everything."

"That's just the point," father said testily. "You can't. You'd go to pieces, Amy. I know you."

The guard blew his whistle and father stepped on the train. Mother was smarting over his last remark. "My great-grandmother shot a highwayman," she called after him, and the train pulled out with father looking gloomily at us through the window.

The next night, at eleven o'clock, our telephone rang. Mother was asleep; she fumbled in the dark and finally answered.

"Hallo," father said, hoarsely.

"Oh, hallo, dear," mother said sleepily. "Have a good trip?"

"Did you switch on the burglar alarm?" father ignored her.

"How sweet of you to call, Henry," mother said, not half awake. "How is London?"

"To hell with London!" father roared. "Did you turn on the alarm?"

"I think so, Henry," mother said. "I'm so sleepy. You woke me up."

"You think so?" father said. "Find out, damn it!"

"I'm so tired," mother protested.

"Find out!" father said.

Mother sighed, got out of bed and went downstairs. She couldn't remember which was off or on for the switch and the only way she knew of testing was to step on the alarm. She did so and it went off with a terrific clatter. It brought me out of bed again and my younger sister started screaming in her room.

Mother knew she was in for a bad night. She was wide awake now and she went angrily back to the telephone. "Henry," she said, "I think you were mean to make me do that. You've wakened both the children and goodness knows when I'll get to sleep again."

"How the devil did I wake them?" father roared. "Heavens above, I'm only trying to protect you."

"I don't like your beastly burglar alarm," mother said.

"Is it on now?" father yelled across the miles. "This is costing me money."

"Yes," said mother, not knowing whether it was or not.

Father hung up and mother went into my sister's room to tell her there was nothing to be frightened about. "It was just your father," mother said.

WHEN father came home he burst into the house with a wild-eyed look, apparently half-expecting to find us all in a heap at the foot of the stairs with our throats cut. He was furious when he discovered the burglar alarm was missing.

"I'm sorry, Henry," mother said, "but I got the electrician to take it away. We kept forgetting about it, and stepping on it all the time. It was shattering my nerves."

"I give up," father said, but he was home and he felt that the danger was over; he was on hand in case of need.

Meanwhile, the cat burglar had been inactive for a week or two and there was hope that he had abandoned his illegal career.

But two days later he struck again, and once more a week after that. Indignation in the town ran high.

Father expressed an unflattering opinion of the police and then came up with what he considered a brilliant stroke.

"If those fellows had the brains of a flea," father said, "they could catch him. They let him rob a place and then look for him after he's gone. They don't seem to realize that the best defence is a good attack."

"They do the best they can," mother said placatingly.

"They sit on their hands," father said, "and wait for him to make his plans. The way to catch this bird is to lay a trap for him. He probably scouts the various neighbourhoods, sizing up prospective victims. I tell you what I'm going to do. I'm going to leave a dining-room window open at night."

"That's practically inviting him into the house," mother protested.

"I've got to go out of town for three weeks," father said. "I can't stand another trip like the last one to London. Something's got to be done and if the police are incapable, someone has to take matters into his own hands."

Thereafter one of our dining-room windows was left open at night.

On the fifth night father was rewarded. It was a Saturday. Father had worked in the garden until dark and then gone up to his study to read. He was wearing an ancient pullover and a pair of disreputable old trousers. About eleven he switched off the light and was going to bed.

A faint scratching sound came from downstairs. Father reached for a golf club, went fearlessly down the stairs and out into the dining-room just in time to see a dark form wriggling over the sill.

Father took quick aim, but he was too excited. The sweeping golf club picked off the man's hat and crashed against the side of the window. Before father could swing again, a strong pair of arms were round him.

"Got you," the man grunted with satisfaction. "We'll leave by the same way. Out you go." At the same moment a confederate appeared.

Father decided that discretion was the better part of valour. He clambered out of the window.

THEY conducted him towards the street and father was much perplexed. A police car was parked there, and when the trio reached an area lightened by the street lamp father found that the two men holding him were police officers.

"If you were smarter," one of the policemen said, "you'd have closed that window. Don't you know we're patrolling these streets just looking out for something like that."

Father laughed good-humouredly. "This is all a mistake. I'm Henry Tanner. I live in that house."

The policeman looked at his gardening pullover and old trousers. "Of course you are," one of them said. "And I'm the mayor. Hop in the car and shut up."

Father got in. He said uncomplimentary things about the officers all the way to the station. He had no identification, but they did let him telephone.

Mother had slept all through the affair. When the phone rang she reached for it and was amazed to hear father's voice. She reached back and patted the other side of the bed to make sure father wasn't sleeping beside her.

"Where in the world are you, Henry?"

"I'm at the police station," father said. "Tell Fred to get dressed immediately and come down here."

"Why are you there?" mother asked.

"Never mind," father said. "Do what I told you and I'll be right home."

Mother routed me out. It was exciting, cycling through the dark streets towards the police station and going up the steps under the blue lamp into the interior.

I saw father sitting between two policemen. His eyes lighted up.

"Well, it took you long enough," he said. "Tell these idiots who I am."

The police apologized, not too profusely. "He almost took my head off with

WITH MY FEET UP

by IAN FOX

Strike Me Pink

THE MEETING ROOM was full of men and tobacco smoke. An unusual feeling of cheerfulness pervaded the air. The members of the Consolidated International Union of Humorists had decided to do no work. They were on strike.

The reason was a grievous affront to a humorous writer by an editor. The humorist had included in an article the joke:

"Where are you going to in such a hurry?"

"I'm going to fetch a doctor—I don't like the look of my wife."

"I'll come with you—I can't stand the sight of mine!"

Members agreed that it was a good joke and that it had always been thought funny by members of the public. Moreover, the author had put an exclamation mark at the end to show readers when to laugh.

But the editor had written at the side, "When I first heard this I laughed till tears ran down my bib" (which members agreed was very old and not funny) and had refused to publish it.

A gloomy looking man got to his feet. "I represent the Federation of Funny Men," he said. "On behalf of our members, I wish to say that we have called an unofficial strike in support of the Union of Humorists."

Looking the picture of misery, a spokesman of the Union of Humorists

rose to his feet. "We don't want your support—as the widow said when she collected the insurance on her husband, ha-ha-ha!"

"Jolly good! Ha-ha-ha!" applauded the members.

"You are not," continued the spokesman, "a member of our union."

The representative of the Association of Comics, Gagmen and Jape Merchants interrupted loudly. "I've been thrown out of better unions than yours," he said.

"WE no longer recognize any union but our own," said the union spokesman. "I declare this meeting a closed shop."

"Then hang a notice on the shop door saying 'Back in Ten Mins'," said a man from the Society of Practical Jokers amid much laughter.

A man who had not spoken got to his feet. No one knew whom he represented, but he had the sad expression of a professional humorist.

"I'm just forming a new organization called the Union of Strikers, he said. "Anyone who is on strike can join it. We shall go on strike against strikes—which means we can all go back to work."

a golf club," one of the officers said. "After this you'd better stop playing policemen and burglars on your own!"

Father didn't answer. We went outside and I walked my bike home, father going along beside me.

"I have to think of something to tell your mother," he said. "I know—I couldn't sleep, I was taking a walk and they arrested me for vagrancy."

We went up to our front door. Lights were on in the dining-room. I opened the door and we went inside.

"Is that you, Henry?" mother called. Her voice was strained. "Come in the dining-room."

We went in and found mother sitting at the dining-room table. She had my air gun stretched out across the table, her finger on the trigger and the air gun pointed at the grandfather clock.

"What *are* you doing, Amy?" father asked.

Mother said, "Quick! Call the police. I've caught the burglar. He's in the grandfather clock."

I rushed for the telephone. "I couldn't leave him there while I telephoned," mother said. "He might have escaped."

FATHER stared at the grandfather clock. "You're sure he's in there, Amy?" he said in a subdued, strangled sort of voice. "You're not having hallucinations?"

"I couldn't sleep after Fred left," mother said. "I was standing up, looking out of the window, when I saw a man cross the lawn. I went downstairs with Fred's air rifle and found him just climbing in at the window."

Father looked hard at the grandfather clock. "Why did you put him in there?"

"He looks like a rat," mother said, and shuddered. "I didn't like to have to look at him."

A car pulled up outside. I went to the door and let in three policemen and four of our neighbours who had heard the commotion and came over with coats on over their night clothes. Everyone crowded into the dining-room and, while two policemen took up strategic positions, a third opened the wooden door of the grandfather clock.

A slim and swarthy young man, unarmed, and frightened-looking like a cornered animal, came out. The policemen knew him, he had been in trouble with the law before. Father stared from the captive to mother. Meanwhile, more policemen arrived.

Two of the officers drove off with the culprit and mother went into the kitchen to make coffee for the rest of the crowd, who were reluctant to go home.

"You'll be in the papers, mother," I said. "You're a hero."

Mother nodded, very white, put water on to boil, measured out the coffee, and then her hands began to shake and she started to sink towards the floor. The woman from next door had come out to help, she caught mother and revived her.

"Don't tell Henry," mother said. "I'm scared to death. I thought they'd never come home."

She recovered control of herself, finished the coffee, and then opened the door into the dining-room. Father, the police sergeant and two other men were standing in front of the sideboard, looking up at the painting.

"Yes," father was saying, "my wife comes from old farming stock. That's her great-grandmother up there. Kept off a gang of highwaymen once. Picked them right out of their saddles." Father demonstrated with my air gun. "Bang, bang, bang," father said. "Held 'em off until troops arrived from York."

"Coffee's ready," mother announced, her eyes shining, and the men filed in, father strutting proudly in the rear.

"MY NUMBER—

There's lots of grumbling about phone delays. But don't shoot the "Hello!" girl—she's up against great odds these days

by JOHN BARTLETT

BEFORE THE WAR the British telephone service was as good as any in the world. It was cheaper than the American and, though we had only five phones to each hundred people compared with thirteen per hundred in the United States, there were more telephones to the square mile in Britain than anywhere else in the world.

The figures have grown impressively since 1912 when, except for Hull and the Channel Islands, full responsibility for our telephone system was put in the hands of Britain's largest employer of labour, the General Post Office.

Between 1921 and 1927 the number of telephones in Britain rose from just under 500,000 to 2,500,000. Now we have passed the four million mark.

In 1924 we had only twenty-two automatic exchanges. Now 3,600 out of this country's 5,766 exchanges are automatic.

The introduction of a cheap rate for trunk calls at night brought a flood of calls; more than 8,000 used to be dealt with in London every night and eighty-five per cent of trunk calls were put through in ninety seconds.

A new telephone would be installed almost as soon as ordered.

But all that was before the war—a state of affairs as cheerful as those golden envelopes in which, for a mere threepence extra, one could send a greetings telegram on a gaily decorated form.

Now it's nothing but difficulties and delays. What is really wrong?

Why, in the words of one critic, is it still considered necessary twelve months after the end of hostilities, to limit trunk calls to "a miserly six minutes?" Why the "terse and unexplanatory" telephone accounts, rendered semi-annually instead of monthly or quarterly? Why the bad state of kiosks—no dialling tone and pennies bouncing out? Why the frequent wrong numbers? And why "the utter impossibility of getting a new instrument at all?"

Short Memories

This newspaper criticism ended with the hope that the Assistant Postmaster-General and the G.P.O.'s Deputy Engineer-in-Chief, who have been in Canada and the United States to study the telecommunications systems of those countries, would return "full of rapid remedies."

But when I showed this to an official at the G.P.O., he shook his head sadly and remarked that some people's memories were very short.

"I could understand it better," he said, "if this had been published in New York or some other place where they don't know what it is to be blitzed. But this was written and printed within a short distance of St. Martin's-le-Grand!"

He reminded me of what happened in that area at the back of St. Paul's Cathedral on the night of Sunday, December 29, 1940.

The Wood Street building, north of Cheapside, housed three vitally important automatic telephone exchanges. At the start of the blitz the staff, though handicapped by low pressure of water in the fire hoses, successfully dealt with showers of incendiaries. But at 7 p.m. a high-explosive bomb blew in doors and windows, and through these came whirling a mass of burning debris from neighbouring fires.

Down in the shelter, telephone operators worked at an emergency switchboard, while above, their colleagues fought to save the building. Some 15,000 lines were put out of action.

I have repeated these old facts in detail, because what happened to the Wood Street building was only one of countless "incidents" involving the telephone service and causing destruction the effects of which are still being felt. In one night in September, 1940, twenty-one London post offices were hit by bombs.

In one blitz on Bristol, 3,500 lines were knocked out. The central telephone building was ringed with fire, but the staff saved it, and with it equipment on which all the west of England depended. The same thing happened in Plymouth, but Southampton's equipment was burnt out.

At 11.30 p.m. on June 28, 1943, a sixteen-inch shell scored a direct hit on Dover head post office, completely destroying the telephone exchange.

Said the G.P.O. man: "There's been a war on for the telephone system. And that's only half the story, for besides keeping the ordinary service going, we had to build and maintain as much again for the armed forces."

Here's only one instance of what the G.P.O. did for the Forces.

Ship-to-Shore Lines

Far north, up in Orkney, before the war there were seven telephones to each ten miles, with a staff of four to look after them all. By 1944, 130 engineers, linesmen and electricians, with forty Italian prisoners of war as labourers, were needed to attend to the telecommunications of what had become a strongly fortified naval, military and air base, with 500 telephones to each ten square miles.

All round Scapa Flow one hundred miles of cable were laid underground. Ship-to-shore lines were laid on with amazing speed: the first United States battleship to anchor in the Flow was put in telephonic communication with the Navy Department at Washington in six minutes!

Now, like our railways, our houses and ourselves, the telephone service is still suffering from the effects of total war. And when it comes to rebuilding, the telephone service, like everybody else, is short of labour and material.

Day to day repairs make heavy demands on both. Although underground wires suffer far less damage than the heavy overhead wire used in the past—ninety-two per cent are underground now—storms still make work for the maintenance men. One of this summer's deluges knocked out 5,000 lines in London; they had 4,000 of them working again in forty-eight hours.

Much work is caused by wanton damage. Hooligans who smash up the instruments in kiosks do not stop to think that they are breaking their own property.

Biggest job in the improvement programme, suspended throughout the war, is the conversion of exchanges to automatic working. This calls for extra strong buildings to house the costly machinery, which needs experts to install and supervise in action. And telephone numbers have to be changed. All the subscribers on the exchange, who may number up to 10,000, must receive cards and leaflets and, during the three weeks before the transfer, a visit from a post office official.

Call box lines have to be changed, and the installation of new instruments in subscribers' premises is begun nearly a year before the transfer date. The job has to be planned with the precision of a military operation.

More than 36,000 telephonists are employed to deal with the 2,228,000,000 calls made in the year. But in spite of the transfer to automatic working, girls are badly needed, both for the exchanges still worked "manually" and also for tolls and trunks.

One girl can only deal with a limited number of calls in a certain time. If a caller is kept waiting, that is because she cannot keep pace with the accumulation of lights glowing on the panel of her switchboard. She can work up to twenty per cent above normal speed, but after that the load on the panel reaches what is called "critical breakdown point."

Marriage Dowry

Though the pay is not as high as can be earned in some industries, there are advantages in being a telephone operator. Girls who leave to get married receive a dowry and those who make a career of it can reach £7 to £8 a week and retire on a pension.

Compared with a year ago, the outlook for the telephone service is much brighter—as, of course, it should be. When the four-millionth telephone was installed in County Hall, London, the Postmaster-General announced that new phones are being put in at the rate of 60,000 a month.

Now, let's be fair. This is a greater achievement than is generally realized.

Many people still think that a phone can be tapped off a neighbouring line. In fact, each subscriber has to be provided with a separate pair of lines all the way to the exchange. Counting trunk and toll lines, the amount of wire in use comes to seven miles per subscriber.

The present rate of supply of new instruments is seventy-five per cent above pre-war, but twenty-five per cent below the numbers needed. The Postmaster-General says the peak of waiting for new phones has been passed, with 750,000 to be installed in the next twelve months.

A £27,000,000 development scheme has been approved as a first step to putting Britain first in the telephone field once more.

So don't shoot the "Hello!" girl. She and the rest of the telephone staff are really doing their best!

WHAT'S UP?"

Free Speech

LETTERS intended for this page should be marked "Free Speech." One Guinea will be paid as an acknowledgment for every reader's letter or extract published. Full name and address must be given (though not necessarily for publication). Please keep letters brief.

DOWN-AT-HEEL WIVES

I HAVE NEVER BEEN ABLE to understand why so many women lose their attractiveness after marriage. Young girls, often from the poorest homes, will spend every penny and sit up half the night sewing, in order to catch their man. But what a change after a few years of being "Mrs."

I know that money may be short and that babies and housework take up a terrible amount of time. But what is to prevent a young married woman from curling her hair occasionally and seeing that her stockings are untwisted? She worked before marriage and looked smart at the same time.

There are far too many dreary, down-at-heel, discontented-looking wives about. I am sure most husbands would rather they spent some of the housekeeping money on keeping up their appearances. Self respect helps love an awful lot.—Miss E. B., Ashtead, Surrey. (Name and address enclosed.)

Seen in their Cups

STANDING AT A CROSSROADS, I could see two pubs. Plastered on the windows and doors were notices

"Up popped a dozen heads"

regretting the absence of beer. Suddenly two cars crashed head-on right in the middle of the crossroads. Immediately up popped a dozen heads at the pub windows, each head within a few inches of a pint glass.—R. BLACKBURN, Canal Bank House, Leigh, Lancs.

Homework

A CIVIL SERVANT came into the office to check over some small accounts totalling less than £3. He had to add 15 per cent to the total and for some seconds his pencil hovered over the figures.

Then, looking up, he murmured: "Hm, I'm used to working with a ready reckoner. I'll do it when I get back to the office and send it on."—A. BARRETT, 5 Dysart Avenue, East Cosham, Portsmouth.

That Married Look

A MARRIAGE OF A CHINESE COUPLE was reported in the papers and I noticed that both bride and bridegroom exchanged rings. I believe the custom should be adopted in Britain. It would be most desirable if a girl could tell at a glance whether a man was married.—Miss J. SMEDLEY, 21 Carter Lane, South Normanton, Derby.

Small Change

RECENTLY DEMOBBED, I was told at the employment exchange that conductor motormen were urgently needed by the corporation. I went after a job but failed because I wear spectacles. I was given the impression that my eyes were not considered good enough to tell the difference between half a crown and a two-shilling piece.

Yet I have just come out of an infantry regiment and my sight was always considered good enough to spot the enemy.—M. O'HARA, 15 Corn Street, Glasgow, C.4.

Student Types

WOULD IT NOT BE POSSIBLE to provide a room in public libraries where, for a small fee, typewriters could be hired and used by the hour? Students cannot afford to buy typewriters these days and such a system would prevent the drudgery spent in writing up notes.—R. AMESLEY, 15 Norwood Avenue, Lowton, Warrington, Lancs.

Learning Without Snobbery

SIX YEARS AGO I wrote to JOHN BULL for advice about the education of my little girls. My eldest daughter was five then, and most of her playmates were being sent to private schools.

You advised a good, sound education without snobbery, and so my children went to the council school. The elder has now won a scholarship to go on to the grammar school. The other child sits next year. Their playmates of six years ago have not done so well. Your advice was good.—MOTHER, Cheshunt, Herts. (Name and address enclosed.)

In Memoriam

I WOULD GO FURTHER than the writer of your article, "No Flowers, No Mourning," and say that "In Memoriam" notices in newspapers are a waste of time and space.

How much better on the anniversary of a loved one's death to do something he or she would have liked or enjoyed doing when alive.

A few years ago some friends of mine lost a little girl. Every year now at the anniversary they take some poor child for a day out and give her a really good time. In doing that they are able to revive the happy days with their own child, and they make others happy at the same time.—A/C. E. JONES, 2272065, 208 Sqdn., R.A.F., M.E.F.

Know This Pigeon?

THOUGH I AM NOT A PIGEON FANCIER your recent article on the subject interested me. Especially so because we had a visit not long ago from pigeon No. P2323 NUHW 43. We thought it must have been in a race and given up.

It stayed for a few weeks, perched on the same spot on the roof, and mixed with the chickens at feeding time. It began to be so much at home that we thought it had retired from racing. Then, one morning it had gone. Where? What was the story behind our visitor?—J. A. P., near Peterhead, N.B. (Name and address enclosed.)

The Likeness

WHILE WAITING FOR A TRAIN at Victoria Station, London, I watched a squad of German prisoners waiting on the platform. One of the young Germans looked me straight in the eyes, smiled, and asked me for a cigarette.

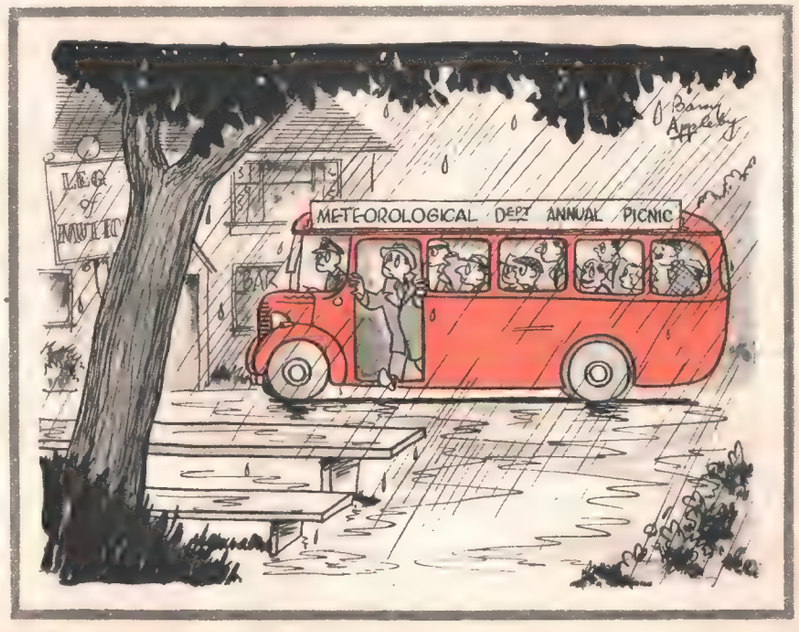
The lad's face was the image of my own fair-headed son who died in a Halifax bomber while returning from a Berlin raid in 1943. I gave the young prisoner a cigarette. Perhaps I was wrong—but my conscience is clear.—J. SHEPPARD, 50 Benares Road, London, S.E.18.

Builder's Ideas

I HAVE JUST COMPLETED building the first post-war house to be erected in the Hailsham area, and shall shortly be occupying it myself. I build to my own plans and ideas. For instance, I determined that the house should be proof against frost and so I have planned it round a central duct in which all pipes and electrical wiring are run and which includes a flue and hot water tank. All these are accessible for maintenance by a hatch on the first floor.

To be able to build again excites in me and my team of men great joy and satisfaction. But we are hampered by a thousand difficulties and restrictions.

If I were in authority in a council office and were approached by a builder, I should welcome him and discuss his project. If his ideas were practicable, I should detail the appropriate staff and committee to start operations. But, more important, if his ideas were not quite suitable, I should not send him away discouraged. I should not consider I had done my job properly unless I found some alternative way of assisting him to use his initiative.—F. E. SUTTON, Builder, Berwick, Sussex.



Black Beauty

RECENTLY I BOUGHT AN UMBRELLA from a gipsy at the door. It cost 15s. 6d. and looked very good. It was some time before a sudden storm compelled me to

"She could hardly recognize me"

use it. I was going to see a friend, and when she opened the door she could hardly recognize me. The dye from the umbrella cover had dripped all over me.—MRS. D. Y. H., Worcester. (Name and address enclosed.)

B Wangle?

A FRIEND WENT INTO a confectioner's shop to buy some buns and was asked if she wanted them on B units or not. The answer was obvious. So the assistant explained that if the buns were cut up, margarined and jammed they could be sold without units.—P. F. NORTH, 16 Larch Crescent, Chilwell, Notts.

Father Time

ONE OF YOUR READERS, surprised at being called "Pop" by some youngsters, wonders what incidents first make one conscious of increasing years. Well . . . I was playing football for a good amateur club when I was thirty-five. I was still playing at thirty-nine, and at fifty-four I ran in a quarter-mile handicap in our firm's sports and finished only a few inches behind the winner.

I did not find out that I was getting old until I finished work at sixty-five and stayed at home to look after an invalid wife. As soon as I began to tackle housework I felt my age.—T. SMITH, 17 Swanland Grove, Cottingham Road, Hull, Yorks.

A DASHING YOUNG SAILOR came up and offered me a dance. He asked if I remembered him and, thinking he was getting "fresh," I told him I had never seen him before.

I felt somewhat older when he replied, "And to think I was your favourite pupil at Sunday school."—Mrs. BETTY JENKIN, 43a Station Terrace, Cramlington, Northumberland.

"... And Smoke It"

I WOULD LIKE TO INFORM the sarcastic gentleman who wrote to you suggesting that women should smoke pipes that I very often share my husband's pipe. I thoroughly enjoy it now that cigarettes are often unobtainable.—MRS. M. B. CHRISTIE, "Kemsleigh," St. Mary Church Road, Torquay, Devon.

YOU AND YOUR DOG

Rationing or no, we can't give up our pets. Here's a valuable lesson in doggy psychology that will reward you with a life-long "master and dog" friendship

by WILFRID WEBSTER

IT WOULD TAKE more than food rationing to stop us from being a nation of dog lovers. In show circles some breeds have gone out of fashion, but dogs of all sorts and sizes remain popular as pets.

There are well over three million "Spots" and "Betsies" in British homes today.

The great majority are happy in that companionship with master or mistress which is their chief joy in life; but there are quite a number of ill-treated, lonely and miserable dogs.

Deliberate cruelty is punishable by law, and the RSPCA does its best to bring offenders to book. Outside the law, but shocking to anybody who understands and loves dogs, a great deal of unintentional cruelty goes on.

What can be more unkind than to leave a dog, whose greatest misery is loneliness, shut in or chained up for hours on end?

People who will not or cannot give their pets the companionship which a dog's devotion deserves have no business to keep them.

It is wrong to turn a dog out to fend for himself, especially in a town and if he is old and infirm. One London dogs' home alone, the famous institution at Battersea, took in no fewer than 19,000 lost dogs last year. Only 3,000 were claimed by their owners; 6,000 others were sold to new homes after being unclaimed for a week.

Don't Let Him Roam

No one came to claim the 10,000 that remained; nobody wanted to buy them. They were all old or diseased. They were mercifully destroyed.

During the war many of us were too busy to take our pets for walks, and many city dwellers have got into the habit of letting their dogs out for an airing and leaving them loose in the streets. Deprived of proper exercise and control, the dogs develop objectionable habits and become a nuisance.

The roaming dog is a menace to human life. Most drivers do their utmost to avoid running over an animal; a stray dog darts across the street, a vehicle swerves—and the ambulance men can tell you the rest.

More than a quarter of the 4,699 road accidents in Hull last year were attributed to wandering dogs.

Dogs are like children. They need to be brought up sensibly and looked after with affectionate firmness. Like parents, dog owners have definite responsibilities; if they shirk them, they are to blame when their charges misbehave.

There are few really wicked children and few really wicked dogs, but there are, I'm afraid, quite a number of parents and dog owners who do not deserve to be either.

Training a dog is largely a matter of patience and common sense. Unless these qualities are exercised a decent, lovable animal can be turned into a bad-tempered nuisance.

I know a snarling fury of a fox terrier which probably started life as a friendly enough pup.

He has been treated with maddening inconsistency for years—petted one minute and nagged at, for no apparent reason, the next; given too much food one day and not enough another. His only exercise was to be dragged from shop to shop.

Now, in a highly nervous condition, he goes for every dog he meets.

If only all dog owners would look at life from their pets' point of view, there would be far fewer disobedient, nervous dogs.

Take the dog who runs away, won't come when he's called, and runs still farther when his owner tries to catch him. It's almost certain he was wrongly punished in early life.

As a puppy, that dog chewed slippers when he was teething. And the chances are, that after he had been doing this and had then been peacefully asleep for some time, an infuriated person rushed at him with a rolled-up newspaper and chased him round the room.

It was a terrifying experience for the pup. How could his small brain possibly be expected to connect it with his natural act of chewing the slippers?

Months later, perhaps, the same dog had been digging up one of his master's most cherished plants. He'd been called in and he came, but, instead of being rewarded for his obedience with a kind word, he was thrashed.

How could he be blamed for deciding that, if this was the treatment to be expected for coming when called, the wiser course would be to run away?

The pup should have been taken up quietly, set down beside the slippers, or whatever he had chewed, and then talked to like a Dutch uncle. Or he should have been taken to the scene of his crime—the uprooted plant—and there dealt with.

It is useless, and unfair, to punish a dog after he has forgotten the offence or if he does not understand what he has done wrong.

Beating may cure faults, but a cowed dog makes a poor companion. Far better, when your pup does wrong, to kneel in front of him, hold up his chin and talk to him severely.

Never grab him by the scruff of the neck; it's bewildering, because he cannot see your face.

A dog understands very few words. He goes far more by the tone of your voice and the expression on your face. So look him straight in the eye when you tell him off.

A Few Spanks

Your pup's offence may be repeated more than once; a few taps will have to be applied on the right place. This will only do good if you talk to him as well, and whatever happens, make it up with him afterwards. A pat, and the words "Good dog" will prove passports to love and loyalty.

A pup's first job is to learn his name and to come to you when called. Start him on a long lead or rope, getting his attention by calling his name and giving gentle tugs on his collar. Then draw him towards you, calling "Here!" or "Come!" When he reaches you, be sure he gets that pat and the welcome words, "Good dog."

Let him off the lead and call him. He'll probably scamper off without paying the least heed to you. Put him on the lead and patiently start again.

You must not expect to teach him in a single lesson. A pup's powers of concentration are even less than those of a young child and he gets easily bored. So make your lessons short and see that you and your pupil give undivided attention.

At the end of each lesson let the pup loose for a run. He will have earned his playtime.

Nothing looks more ridiculous than a panting dog pulling its owner when on a lead. If your pup runs ahead, it's no use yanking him back while you walk on; you've got to teach him to walk at your heel. So you must stand still, bring him back with short tugs on the lead, make him stop behind you, and then start again.

All this training calls for patience, good humour and concentration. But what a reward—the obedient devotion of a lifetime that is all too short.

Besides regular exercise, your dog deserves a comfortable bed and adequate food. Give him a corner in your home that he can know for his own, and keep him free from draughts by raising his bed or basket a few inches from the ground.

It is hard in these days to keep to an ideal diet. A dog likes variety in his food as much as you do, so try to vary it. Give him the odd bone to keep his teeth in trim and, remember, fish is fine for him. Never feed him potatoes. Biscuits with vegetables and soup or gravy are good.

Home-made rusks make an excellent substitute for biscuits. Just dry a few slices of bread for two or three days, and then bake them in a slow oven. Susie, our Scottie, loves her rusks.

And, bread rationing or no, she'll get them.

to charm the ear . .

Music such as that provided by a magnificent orchestra under the baton of Sir Adrian Boult and other famous conductors, deserves first-class reception. Have you a Radio worthy of the best the B.B.C. can give you?

The *Bullets* coupon on this page can prove your "ticket" to 10,000 hours of entertainment from a superb 1946 Receiver. Win one of this week's 13 chief prizes and you will be privileged to select from your dealer's stock the £20 Set of your choice!

CHIEF WINNERS—"BULLETS" 1,544

FIRST PRIZE, £300:

L. A. SPRACKLEN, 5 Damers Road, Dorchester: **All The World—"Staked" In Uno's "Pool."**

SECOND PRIZE, £25: A. T. A. Frost, c/o Oxford Meat Depot, Osney Lane, Oxford: **Seems To Be World's—Patron Saint—St. Vitus!** THIRD PRIZE, £10: J. Lowenthal, 19 Lilley Road, Fairfield, Liverpool 7: **Divorced—War's "Mates"? Mars Waits!** FOURTH PRIZE, £9: A. G. J. Pears, 140 Brynglas Road, Newport: **Struggling On—Man—Could Be "Promenading."** FIFTH PRIZE, £8: F. J. Cooper, 51 Commercial Street, Pontnewydd, near Newport: **Horde Of Officials—"Limpets"—And** *So* **Detached!** SIXTH PRIZE, £7: R. C. Dolphin, The Wicket, Hyde Heath, Amersham: **Divorced—Allies, After** *Dying* **Together?** SEVENTH PRIZE, £6: A. Ramsden, 18 Plumpton Street, Westgate End, Wakefield: **Divorced—Because Neither "Did Part."**

6 WINNERS OF £5: A Broadbent, 66 Main Street, Woodhouse Eaves, Loughborough: **Neither Here Nor There—Trieste—Till Becoming Sarajevo?** W. Kirtley, 4 Alma Vale, Low Fell, Gateshead 9: **All The World—Feels** *Had* **And** *Wary*. W. Proudlove, 45 Miall Road, Hall Green, Birmingham 28: **Tried The Bell—Ma-in-law, After Smashing Knocker!** J. W. Walmsley, The Flat, Station Road, West Moors, Dorset: **Man To Follow—Sergeant-Major—After** *Me* **Otherwise!** Mrs. B. Watts, Flat 2a, Bellevue Gardens, Clapham Road, London, S.W.9: **Germany's Bed—Hard? Remember Our "Night"!** M. S. Wilson, 4 Frederick Gardens, New Penshaw, Philadelphia, Co. Durham: **Seems To Be Molotov's—Best "Field," Raising "Fences."**

12 prizes of £2 10s., 25 of £2, 50 of £1 10s., 100 of £1 and 1,500 "Good Shot" prizes have been posted to winners.

"Bullets" RADIO CAMPAIGN in Full Swing!

Prizes value over £650 are offered in *Bullets* Radio Campaign; each chief winner will be invited to choose own radio, value up to £20, as detailed in *Bullets Bulletin*.

First Prize, £300 plus Radio; Second, £50 plus Radio; Third, £25 plus Radio; 10 Radio Prizes each value £20; 50 of £1; 1,500 "Good Shot" Prizes, each with £20 opportunity. Prizes posted Wednesday, October 16.

To Win In "Bullets."

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* below. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make your *Bullet* as usual.

This week's prize efforts show some winning styles; for further help, enclose *Bulletin* label below with your entry.

Add Two, Three or Four Words to any of these "Examples"

BETTER WORLD
BACK TO SANITY
GOODBYE, SUMMER
HEAVYWEIGHT BEVIN
TO SPEED THINGS UP
MORE MINERS
SHADOW OF SUSPICION
YOUNG BLOOD
SINK OR SWIM
BATTLE OF GIANTS
HOPELESS CASE
WIFEY THINKS
AT A SNAIL'S PACE
LOSING WEIGHT
PRESENCE OF MIND

SONNY'S HERO
TO HER FACE
DARK HORSE
BIT OF A SQUEEZE
MADE AUNTIE JEALOUS

Incomplete "Examples" See Instructions

INDIA'S.....
WHAT.....FORGETS
LIKE A LOT OF.....
THINKS HE'S A.....
CAN'T BE.....
IF.....WERE TAXED

ADDRESS ENTRY

"BULLETS" 1,548 (or XWORD 500); "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (COMP.)

STICK 2½d. STAMP here and address this label if you want the help of *Bulletin* and *Gazette* dated Oct. 12 WITH GIANT "BULLETS" OFFER

361. BULLETIN AND GAZETTE. 12-10-46

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

.....

EXAMPLE .....

BULLET .....

EXAMPLE .....

BULLET .....

EXAMPLE .....

BULLET .....

EXAMPLE .....

BULLET .....

1,548 Closing Postmark, MON., SEPT. 30

I agree to rules and enclose

P.O. value .....

No. .....

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

.....

RULES 1. First Prize to best *Bullet* received, others in order of merit—the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.

3. As entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps value 1s. for four *Bullets*, or value 6d. to cover two *Bullets*. Plain paper entries are allowed. If using P.O. make payable to *John Bull*, cross / & Co. /, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.

4. Entries accepted only on condition that results of this week's Contests in *John Bull* dated October 19, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding.

XWORD 496 RESULT

WINNING WORDS. ACROSS: 1, Barn or Darn. 3, Film. 5, Project. 7, Shape. 9, Closer. 11, Fib. 13, Short. 14, Drugs. DOWN: 2, Nose. 3, Fencer. 4, Rest. 6, Fiver. 8, Sea. 10, Bond. 12, Joy.

SEVEN £100 SHARERS: Mrs. W. Bond, Pwllheli; Mrs. E. Brinkley, Beaconsfield; A. G. Burgess, Ipswich; L. J. Dickinson, Taunton; T. Jesson, Biggar; Sgt. J. W. Wiseman, BAOR; R. J. Wood, Johnstone.

Runners-up Award (value £25) shared beween 51 entrants. Winners receive Fountain-pens in addition.

£500 XWORD CASH

Here's great news for Crossworders. Celebrating our 500th Crossword, the First Prize has rocketed to £300 for this week only.

In addition to this trebled First, no less than £200 will be shared by Runners-up. Post Square by Monday, September 30, for this Record Post-war Offer!

Across Clues

1. Poor one sometimes has quite a decent plot to it
5. Cricketers may leave quickly through such a wicket
8. First-class athlete is usually defeated by
12. It's natural for punter to feel this after losing heavily
14. Self-respecting family might hate to be found living in
15. You expect one to be tight

Down Clues

2. Accounts for a wrestler's defeat
3. It helps if hotel manageress knows how to keep these
4. This is a dirty business
6. Big fortunes are now and again made from
7. Don't be deceived by apparent thickness of
9. Possibly a bad egg
10. Professional gambler usually has
11. One ought not to take rivet to be this
13. Numbers attached to dice are rarely above this

How To Enter This Coupon.

Complete Square in INK, giving your Answers to Clues above. Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers received—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entry constitutes agreement to Rules.

Entry-fee for this one Square (plus extra set of Answers on plain paper) is 6d. P.O. or stamps; if sending only Square with 6d., address and enclose *Gazette* Label on left WITHOUT affixing stamp.

I enclose 6d. P.O.

Closing Postmark, MON., SEPT. 30

No. **500**

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

.....

WRITE TO JOHN BULL ABOUT IT

Our team of experts will solve your queries (except medical) if you send them to the JOHN BULL Free Advice Service, 186 High Holborn, London, W.C.1. Personal problems should be sent to "Humanist" at the same address. Stamp for reply, please

Share in Estate

"RECENTLY MY FATHER died without making a will. The title deeds of the house and the banking accounts are in the joint names of my father and my step-mother. Is the family of my father's first marriage entitled to a share in the estate? There are no children of the second marriage."

JB Since your step-mother held the property jointly with your father she became absolutely entitled to it on his death by right of survivorship. The children of the first marriage have no claim.

Apprentice Call-up

"MY SON became apprenticed to a firm of motor engineers at the age of sixteen and is still with them. If he is called up, is it possible for him to carry on his apprenticeship in the Services? Will he be entitled to any further training after serving his time in the Forces?"

JB If your son is called up for service in H.M. Forces he will not be able to carry on his apprenticeship while serving. On his discharge arrangements can be made for him to complete the apprenticeship which was interrupted.

Obtaining Costs

"TWO YEARS AGO I was granted a divorce, with costs, from my husband. I have written asking him for the money, but he has not replied to my letters. What steps can I take? Is any action likely to be expensive?"

JB You may issue a summons for your husband to be cross-examined as to his means. It would cost about £5. Your husband would be ordered to pay the additional costs incurred.

Damages from American

"WHEN AN AMERICAN soldier alienates the affections of the wife of an English soldier, is there any redress? I am told that the husband cannot claim damages from an American. Is this correct?"

JB A British subject may claim and be awarded damages against an American subject, but he may have considerable difficulty in enforcing payment. It is not impossible, but it is a costly procedure.

Retired Workers

"ON BEHALF OF A LARGE number of retired workers, aged from sixty to sixty-four, I should like to know our position under the new Health Insurance Act. We are drawing unemployment benefit at present, but if we are unable to obtain employment by the time this benefit is exhausted, must we become voluntary contributors under the new scheme? We are in receipt of a retiring pension from the firm."

JB When your Unemployment Benefit is exhausted application can be made for Unemployment Assistance. Throughout the whole period of unemployment you can have your National Health Insurance card "franked" each week at the Employment Exchange, provided you continue to prove unemployment. Such "franking" of your card will maintain insurance for pension purposes.

Lump Deductions

"HEALTH AND UNEMPLOYMENT insurance contributions are sometimes not deducted by my employers for several weeks and then they deduct a lump sum. I have complained but they continue to do this. Is it allowable?"

JB Your employers are not entitled to deduct these contributions in lump sums. They are required to deduct the weekly contribution from the current week's wages. If they do not do so, the full contribution is payable by them.

Dutch Nurses

"SOMEONE TELLS ME THAT Dutch girls who come here as children's nurses can be compelled to stay in an English household for a year's service, even if they are unhappy. Can this be true?"

JB The Labour permit issued to foreign domestic workers arriving in this country compels them to remain for twelve months in domestic service, but not necessarily in one situation.

Burnt £1 Note

"RECENTLY I SENT A BURNT £1 note to the Bank of England to be replaced. The number of the note was still visible. I have had a letter to say that the note is being kept by the bank. Can the bank do this?"

JB The Bank of England has power to retain a Bank of England note without paying its value. I am afraid there is nothing you can do about it.

Income Tax Debt

"JUST BEFORE BEING CALLED UP in 1943, I received an assessment form from the income tax authorities stating that I owed them £50. Am I expected to pay this tax when I start work again?"

JB It has been stated that it is not proposed to collect arrears from ex-Servicemen in respect of assessments prior to the date of calling up, provided those arrears do not exceed £50.

"THINGS ARE NOT AS BLACK AS THEY SEEMED"

"Thanks to JOHN BULL's promptness things are not as black as they seemed at first," writes Mr. R. Banister of Leyland in acknowledging payment under JOHN BULL's Free Insurance following an outbreak of fire at his home.

JOHN BULL offers free to every reader a £1,000 Free Fire Insurance in addition to many other invaluable Household Benefits.

"WHERE'S YOUR *magnesia smile,* UNCLE?"

"—Meaning? . . ."
"Why, don't you know? It's the smile Mum says I've always got when I clean my teeth twice a day."

Only the use of Phillips' Dental Magnesia can give you the *Magnesia Smile*—it is the one toothpaste containing *' Milk of Magnesia,' which dentists advise to check the action of mouth-acid—often the cause of dental decay.

Phillips' Dental Magnesia (Regd.)

** 'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia.*

How to treat a
GRAZED KNEE

1. *Cleanse the area thoroughly and dry.*
2. *Select a large Elastoplast dressing and remove the protective muslin.*
3. *Without touching the antiseptic pad, place it over wound, slightly stretching dressing along the knee.*
4. *Finally, firmly press down adhesive edges.* The wound is now comfortably and securely protected whilst the dressing, being *elastic,* allows the knee complete freedom of movement. Elastoplast is first-class first-aid—you need no bandages or other antiseptic. Never neglect an injury, however slight—if in doubt see your doctor.

This dressing in 1/- tins only

Elastoplast TRADE MARK
FIRST AID DRESSINGS
in the RED TINS 6d & 1/- from Chemists

A Product of T. J. Smith & Nephew Ltd., Hull.

How Do YOU Feel?

If you suffer from Headaches, Neuralgia, Rheumatic pains, Nerve pains, Indigestion, Sleeplessness, Constipation — go to your Chemist TO-DAY for a 1/4 or 3/3 size YEAST-VITE Tonic Tablets (Prices include purchase tax).

Yeast-Vite

Irving's Yeast-Vite, Ltd., Watford.

How to brush your teeth
(This is No. 4 of a Series. *Cut it out and keep it.)*

DECAY of teeth is essentially a disease of early life. Teach your children to brush their teeth properly and don't let them suck sweets just before bed-time.

LOWER CHEWING SURFACES. *These are honey-combed with natural crevices. As the jaws can exert a pressure of approximately 200 lbs. in chewing, only careful brushing will remove jammed food particles. Hold the brush so that ends of bristles lie evenly on teeth. Brush briskly to and fro as shown by arrows.*

UPPER CHEWING SURFACES. *It is not easy to clean the chewing surfaces of your upper jaw. Use method just explained. Practise doing it in front of mirror.*

CORRECT BRUSHING. *When brushing the insides or outsides of side and back teeth always use a twist of the wrist to sweep bristles from the gum 'upwards' on lower jaw —from gum 'downwards' on upper jaw. Diagrams show track bristles should take.*

ALWAYS—Use an unwetted toothbrush. Clean your teeth last thing at night and after breakfast. Keep at least two tooth brushes—use them alternately. Visit your dentist regularly.

USE YOUR *Wisdom* REGD. **WISELY**

MADE BY ADDIS, LTD., MAKERS OF THE FIRST TOOTHBRUSH IN 1780

HERE'S HEALTH FOR YOUR DOG!

Your dog needs plenty of Vitamin B1 *regularly.* Without it, his blood stream cannot provide his body with life-giving oxygen, lack of which brings on nervous troubles, muscle weakness, constipation, digestive disturbance and sometimes a form of eczema. George Bell's Blood Salts provide twenty-five international units of Vitamin B1 in every powder, and keep your dog fit. **In packets of 10 for 7d.**

From Chemists, incl. Boots and Timothy Whites, and Pet Shops everywhere. Or send 2/6 for post free packet of 50 powders to Bell & Sons Ltd., Vet. Chemists, Liverpool 13.

GEORGE BELL'S
BLOOD SALTS for dogs
★ VITAMIN B1 ADDED

THE WORLD'S PEOPLES *and how they live*

Wonderful ENTHRALLING NEW BOOK

ENTIRELY NEW! One of the most fascinating books ever to be published. Here, in 512 pages, 100,000 words and 325 wonderful photographs, are all the races of mankind—how they live, work and play—their customs, habits, products, etc., etc. Incredible facts are revealed about them, such as: Drugged brides carried to their bridegrooms; Cave-dwellers with radio and electricity; Living "stone-age" cannibals; Stone money twelve feet across; European country where condemned criminals take poison; Fierce fighters who wear veils; Wives who must be farmers and sailors as well; Why family circle is not popular in U.S.A.; Where Nature cooks the dinner; Where M.P.s are fined for being late, etc., etc.

STANDARD EDITION, bound in Green Bookcloth, with title in gold on spine, send only 7/-. DE LUXE EDITION, bound in Scarlet Leathercloth, with title in real gold on spine, send only 8/-. Prices include crrge, pckg, insnce, etc.

DO THIS NOW. Complete Order Label below. Indicate Edition required and post, with Postal Order for correct amount, to Odhams Press Ltd., "The World's Peoples," Book Dept. J.B.1, 49 Neal Street, London, W.C.2. Make P.O. payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross /& Co./. All applications must be received by not later than October 2. This offer applies only in Gt. Britain, N. Ireland and Eire. If from N. Ireland or Eire, country MUST be stated on label.

XMAS! This book will make a wonderful Xmas Gift for someone.

512 PAGES · 325 PHOTOS

WILL YOU DO A GOOD DEED?
Will you please help the great Christmas Appeal for the Hospital for Sick Children? If so, send your donation to us now, in the same envelope as your Book Order Label. Please keep the Hospital donation separate from the money for your book—i.e., attach to this form a separate Money Order, P.O. or Cheque for the amount you are sending for the sick children. Thank you. Your kind act will never be forgotten.
Write your name and address below in BLOCK LETTERS

Name .....
Address .....
.....

BOOK WITH CARE
CARRIAGE PAID HOME

WRITE CLEARLY IN BLOCK LETTERS

NAME .....
ADDRESS .....
.....
TOWN COUNTY
.....

If undelivered return to Book Dept., Odhams Press Ltd., 49 Neal Street, London, W.C.2.

Strike out Edition NOT Required
STAND. 7/-
DE LUXE 8/-
L.W. J.B.1 21/9/46

BRITISH WINES
WITH A NAME YOU KNOW "BEHIND" THEM

For over 50 years the name "WHITEWAY" on a label has been a guarantee of purity and quality. When purchasing Whiteway's Port-Style Wines and British Sherry you can be sure that, from the time the Grapes are gathered in the Vineyards of the "Sunny South" until the Wine has reached the final stage of blending and maturing at our Winery in "Glorious Devon," the greatest care has been taken in every process of production.

The 'Whiteway' Brand British Wines are sold under the Certificate of the Royal Institute of Public Health and Hygiene.

CVS-87

'BISURATED' Magnesia

RELIEVES INDIGESTION

1/5 Tablets and plain or mint-flavoured Powder, same prices. 2/10

STATIONMASTER OR PORTER

They would have had a better shave with a

LAUREL

3 HOLE OR SLOTTED

1½D each

The good-tempered Sheffield Blade
made by GEO. H. LAWRENCE LTD. *of* SHEFFIELD

* Printed in Great Britain by Odhams (Watford) Ltd., and Published by Odhams Press Ltd., Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Registered for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post. Agencies for Australia and New Zealand: Gordon & Gotch Ltd. For South Africa: Central News Agency Ltd. CONDITIONS OF SALE: This periodical shall not, without the written consent of the publishers, be lent, resold or hired out except at the full retail price of 3d., or otherwise disposed of in any

THAT'S OXYDOL CLEAN!

"OXYDOL CLEAN" means these 3 advantages

1. **LATHER:** Oxydol gives rich, long-lasting lather.
2. **WHITENESS:** Oxydol prevents dirty greyness — washes whites dazzling white.
3. **SAFETY:** Oxydol is perfectly safe for woollens, washable coloureds — and your hands.

THE LATHER DOES IT!

TESTED JB

3½d. AND 7d.

A CLASS I PRODUCT

THOMAS HEDLEY AND COMPANY LIMITED, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE

"Swish! AND THE GREASE IS GONE now I've gone modern with MIRRO!"

Mirro's special detergent cuts grease and sticky scum in seconds. Buy an 8d. giant canister of this "screen-sifted" non-scratch cleanser to-day.

Go Modern with MIRRO

THE SAFE, SPEEDY CLEANSER

TESTED JB

THOMAS HEDLEY AND COMPANY LIMITED, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE